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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Lansdowne's speech at the Rural League ends any doubt about the land policy of the Unionist party: the small-holder is to be freeholder. The small-holder of the Government party, on the contrary, is to be a creature, poor creature, of the public authority. He is not to be good enough or strong enough to own the land—however small the plot may be. He is to be allowed to hire it—no more. He is to be kept down and kept under; and, who knows? if he does not behave well and vote for the Radical party—which makes the public buy the land that it may lease it out to him—he may be turned out at the first opportunity. The authority, thoroughly radicalised very likely in that near Utopian future which the Government party dream of, will look for his vote as well as his rent.

Under this inhuman plan of the Radicals no small-holder will ever get the chance of being his own master. He is to be kept in his place by the authority; and under this ridiculous plan—for it is ridiculous as well as inhuman—any townsman, any ratepayer, is made into a landlord, though he knows nothing on earth about land or its management, and very likely does not know that he is a landlord! It is an insult to the intelligence of the public, and doubly an insult to the small-holder. The Government invite him to go on to the land, but they tell him he is not to be trusted to hold it: he is perhaps a wastrel, or he is inefficient and an ignoramus! Hence the authority is to watch him, and squeeze him for rent; and, if he does not pay up, out he shall go.

The policy of the Government, and the whole of the Radical and Labour parties, and presumably of the Irish Nationalists too—for they are in it, and without them it

could not be carried through—is, Don't Trust the Small-holder. That is, don't trust him in England. Ireland is another matter. There the small-holder is worthy of all trust; and therefore he is allowed to buy his land—indeed, it is bought for him, and the credit of England is involved in the buying.

The policy of the Government towards the small-holder in England is to make him a kind of parasite on the public authority; but the Government take good care that the parasite shall not draw anything to speak of from the authority: he will have to pay full rent and pay down on the nail. The English landlord remits rent, as we all know; in tens of thousands of instances he has remitted 30, 40, 50, yes, and 60 per cent. of the rent when seasons have been hard and prices low. Even now the English landlord sometimes remits rent, though farming has much improved; and only very rarely—if ever—of late years has he raised the rent on the tenant.

The Unionist policy is simple, generous, straight. The small-holder is to be freeholder. He is to be his own master, instead of the serf of the authority. The Radical vapourings about "feudalism" and "shackles" and so forth men have long ceased to take gravely. We all know that feudalism, with its good and its ill—and there was a great deal more good in it than shallow people suppose—is dead as the Conqueror. But the new Radical idea, it seems, is to revive the system and vest it not in flesh and blood but in the public authority!

Everyone who has studied the land question on the land, and not in the office of a wirepuller, knows by now that what we want in England to-day is a great body of yeomen well settled on the soil. We do not want small-holders with none of the responsibility of full ownership who are here one year and gone the next. And to get these men we must be ready to spend money. Lord Lansdowne reckons that the thing will not cost more than twelve millions. It is not this, of course, which the Government shy at. It is simply that they fear to set up a class which will be free from the heavy forbidding hand of the public authority and the public official—in other words, free from a Radical Government whenever it is in power. Their land policy

is one of the meanest ever devised by the caucus and wirepuller. But it is exposed, and it is dead certain that we shall undo it when we come to power.

But besides the Government's authorised land programme there is the Chancellor of the Exchequer's programme. Mr. Chamberlain resigned from the Cabinet that he might be free to urge his policy with all fervour. Mr. Lloyd George is free to urge his new policy with all fervour, and yet remain in the Cabinet. He has improved greatly on Mr. Chamberlain's plan—he has improved on the plan of any Minister who has ever been weak or strong enough to resign. Yet his plan of nationalising the land is not the Prime Minister's plan, and it is disliked by several other members of the section of the Cabinet which has "views". Mr. Asquith's Government is indeed an amazing illustration of how safely a Cabinet may differ in counsel so long as they agree in craft.

Of the majority of speeches it must be said—if we are to praise them we must praise them whilst they are still quite fresh. The bouquet of a speech in Parliament is so soon lost—and how much depends on the bouquet! One can read and enjoy the whole of a few of Lowe's speeches even to-day, for they were great; and, of course, one could pick out the best things in Disraeli's and revel in that wit and steel-true satire. But the good speech of last week is dead before this week is out. Mr. Churchill's navy speech was—in its grasp and its phrasing—good. One thought largely of the manner on first reading it, and the manner was of the best. Now nothing much remains of it but the matter, and the matter is depressing.

When everything has been said about cruisers and armoured cruisers and guns and men, the truth remains terribly clear that (1) we are to have thirty-three battleships to Germany's twenty-nine, and (2) that we are to have henceforth no battleships at all in the Mediterranean. Mr. Asquith may even underrate the extent of what he calls our "amity and good feeling" with Germany: there may not be the faintest danger of Austria ever using her "Dreadnoughts" against us; Italy may be longing to put her "Dreadnoughts" at our disposal directly they are ready; France may be strengthening her fleet just for our sake; and all the other nations may be our excellent good friends. But against all these cheerful possibilities we must set the certainty that the Two-Power standard is utterly done for—and that we were the great Mediterranean Naval Power. That is the upshot of the debate.

There is one bit of comfort in the whole business; and in that comfort is a little humiliation. We mean the comfort from Canada. There was a time, not very long ago, when England was bold enough and had Ministers bold enough to offer full support and armed protection to the Colonies. Now England is glad enough, and her Ministers are glad enough, to be supported and to be protected by those Colonies. Is England exchanging her old active mood for the passive? Bagehot in effect said that Palmerston as a statesman would leave no political legacy worth mentioning. Palmerston certainly left on record a boast which might sound somewhat hollow to-day.

At the National Service League meeting this week Lord Roberts would have improved the occasion had he exposed one of the Radical pleas for a strong fleet. We must have a strong fleet, say the Radicals, that no colour may be given to the case for conscription. These people's naval patriotism is thus merely anxiety to shirk their duty on land. A meaner plea for support of the Navy could not be. This sort know they could not be called on to serve at sea—the service is too technical—so they shout for a great navy; but on land they might be called on, so they shy at national service.

It is pleasant, even if unavoidably it also suggests suspicion, when anything is praised by everybody. The Imperial Defence Committee is at this moment every

party's darling—we do not answer for Mr. Redmond's group, but at any rate it is not their cue to utter a jarring note now. Mr. Balfour's child, this Committee is adopted by Mr. Asquith *con amore*. Probably none can gauge its value but those who have sat on it and not all of them. Mr. Bonar Law is no doubt right in his surmise that the politicians outweigh—or rather out-talk—the expert, no matter which are in numerical majority. For any but the smallest committees the men of words beat the men of knowledge. One fears the Defence Committee being allowed to outgrow its strength. We are glad to hear it has a permanent sub-committee. It has not much to do with balloons, so it should escape becoming a Gas Committee.

Mr. Bonar Law's speech on Thursday had power and momentum. It had a singularly interesting personal passage—"I am a Canadian"—but it was especially marked by its sense of statecraft. It rang with the note of empire, but had not a vaunt or a platitude. One is particularly struck by the passage about national granaries. Hitherto this idea has been too much in the keeping of rather empty-headed and windy people. But Mr. Bonar Law insists on its great importance. After all we want a reserve of corn as we want a reserve of gold. A great thinker in politics and economy always declared, if we remember aright, that England was not safe with a gold reserve of less than eleven and a half millions at the Bank of England. That was the minimum reserve, and below that came danger—the danger of panic. Quadruple the eleven, and perhaps you have the minimum of days—say forty-four days—we ought to insist on in the matter of a corn reserve. As it is now England is far too near the verge of starvation.

Yesterday in the House of Commons the Government's majority fell to three in a snap division. But the division itself is not perhaps so important as the spirit in which the Government accepted it. There was immediately a heated, explanatory statement from the Whips. The Government, it seems, neither cared to win nor lose; the Opposition was a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles". Evidently the Government are extremely nervous and sensitive just now as to their divisions.

On Tuesday Mr. O'Grady at last succeeded in moving an adjournment of the House to consider the dock strike. Mr. Lloyd George, in the absence of Mr. Asquith, spoke to the motion in a way that recalled his better days at the Board of Trade. The whole House was grave with a sense of "a great wrong for which there was absolutely no remedy in law at the present moment". Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law agreed that a summary method would have to be found of dealing with industrial disputes. Apart from the misery and bitterness they involve, the country in the face of foreign competition can less and less afford them. Persuasion and conciliation are soon exhausted; and it is now accepted by all but a very few that the Executive must have powers to deal compulsorily with both parties.

Last week the masters barred the way out by refusing to accept the men's confession of defeat. The men offered to go back to work on the terms which obtained prior to the strike; and we still think the masters should have accepted. This week the men—or, rather, the men's leaders—have easily outdone the masters in forfeiting public sympathy. The disgraceful scene in the House on Monday was only the beginning. Mr. O'Grady defied the Chairman; refused to sit in the House "while a wretched creature like Lord Devonport was carrying on his murderous practices"; and walked noisily off, declaring "it was a damned scandal". But Mr. Tillett's prayer on Tower Hill—"O God, strike Lord Devonport dead"—was more than unbecoming. It was as profane as it was silly. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's remarks once more illustrated the proverbial flightiness of the aristocratic revolutionary. This sort of talk did even more than the exasperated temper of

the men to provoke the most serious riot that has as yet occurred.

The gloom of the short debate on Persian affairs started by Lord Lamington in the House of Lords on Wednesday was—Dr. Johnson alone can find the adjective—"inspissated". Lord Lamington began with the cheerful metaphor that the Anglo-Russian agreement was a "kind of plaster for the open wound of Persia"; but that latterly "the wound had extended beyond the edges of the plaster".

Freshly arrived from Persia, Lord Lamington tells us that throughout his journey he "found one feeling of depression and despondency among the inhabitants". Lord Curzon was "inclined to speak in even more gloomy tones of the present condition of Persia". The condition of the people, said Lord Curzon, is one of such profound misery that they would welcome any strong hand that would relieve them. The result of the agreement he described briefly as, in the North, virtual military occupation of the country by the Russians; in the South, virtually complete anarchy. Lord Crewe countered the Opposition with the familiar argument that bad as things were, they would have been worse, had it not been for the agreement. Equally, we suppose, they would have been better, if the agreement had been more wisely drawn.

The doctors have this week definitely refused to work the Insurance Act as it stands. The next move is with Mr. Lloyd George and his Commissioners. The British Medical Association adheres strictly to the minimum demands of last February; and, pending a further advance from the Government, calls upon all its members to withdraw from the advisory committees, and to refuse any post or office under the Act. Mr. Lloyd George has undoubtedly counted on the doctors' humanity as a motive of submission. Deliberately he has played Iago's trick with Desdemona, and of their "own goodness made the net that shall enmesh them all". Necessarily the National Insurance scheme will work less beneficially without the doctors: how then, as humane men, can they hold aloof? This was Mr. George's reasoning. But the doctors have so far very happily tempered humanity with common sense. Their resolution this week as to sanatorium benefit is an instance of this. Conditionally the Association agrees to work the sanatoria "until such time as the Government has satisfied the Association that its demands will be met".

The doctors' refusal to come into the Act as it stands will very profoundly influence the by no means negligible body of employers and employees who are hesitating whether or not to comply actively with the regulations. The attitude is quite common quietly to wait and see what happens if obedience to the Act is not actually refused—but simply omitted. Mr. Lloyd George's methods have roused so much active and passive opposition that he is deadly afraid that the Act will fall by sheer weight of the people's discontent. Hence his smooth words in commendation of the employers who are not boycotting the regulations.

Hereupon we would like to suggest more literature for the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the holidays. He might try "Fors Clavigera"—"See that you can obey the laws, and good lords, or law-wards, if you once get them—that you believe in goodness enough to know what a good law is. A good law is one that holds, whether you recognise or pronounce it or not; a bad law is one that cannot hold, however much you ordain and pronounce it".

Mr. Asquith has expressed himself as extremely gratified with the stage-management of his Irish trip. All went well—save for the suffragettes. Mr. Redmond must admire the way in which Mr. Asquith manœuvred the occasion, as much as Mr. Asquith admires the way in which the Nationalists manœuvred him into it. All the difficult places were avoided. Dublin Unionists pointed out to Mr. Asquith on the morrow of his arrival

that now was the time for speaking out the Government's mind and purpose as to Ulster. But Mr. Asquith avoided Ulster, except to say that Ulster was talking unreasonably, and that civil war might simply be left out of their calculations. He brought not a sword, but peace. In the heat of his well-organised reception he preferred to dwell, not on the possibly blood-red, but on the rosy side of the picture—the "spontaneous, affectionate and real" union of two hearts no longer beating together on compulsion.

The Prime Minister at Port Sunlight:—"It [Home Rule] is worthy of the party which in the past has associated itself with freedom and the principles of justice in all its forms and phases. I do not believe, if you look back upon our annals and think of the great heritage of memory and traditions of which we Liberals are so proud, that there is any task more worthy of our own past than this attempt to settle a secular quarrel and remove from the British Empire the one spot which blots its brightness and destroys its efficiency." This, surely, comes parlously near to sublimated Pecksniffism.

There is to be a gathering of the clans to-day at Blenheim—every Unionist, Conservative, Tory tribe, house, and family—such as surely never has been seen before. Truly the Duke of Marlborough is a mighty host. The company, too, is a very strong one—Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, and "F. E."—every one of them the right kind of artist for a multitudinous audience. Clean, straight hitting may be counted on, and hard, too. This is what we want. There is no patriotism in meeting this Government halfway. Every hour of quiet we give them—our gentleness to their naval programme and the humouring of their foreign policy—is used only to manufacture their bombs for the next election. The ingredients of Mr. George's land tax bomb, for instance, will, we hope, be fully displayed. What a witches' caldron it is!

The "moderate" suffragettes are extremely anxious to bury the hatchet which the militants have just thrown, in fact and figure, at the head of the Government. They follow, as is their way, a bellicose declaration of the W.S.P.U. with a mild disclaimer of battery and arson, and accuse their more advanced friends of being "more attached to their own methods than to the good of the cause". The remarkable point of this "moderate" letter, signed by Lord Haldane and Sir Edward Grey amongst others, is that it contains no censure or horror of militant tactics in themselves. Militant tactics are disapproved, not because they are criminal and wicked, but merely because they are tactically wrong. The conduct and bearing of the "moderates" all through this agitation leave the impression that, if militant tactics were really good business, the non-militants would be content to wink and accept the advantage.

The Putumayo Report is talked about, but nothing done. Sir Edward Grey stated that the unpublished report of the company itself accepts the validity of the Casement Report. The directors do not dispute the facts, but deny any knowledge. (But could they not have known?) Sir Edward Grey will not at present take any action, and disclaims responsibility for making any statement about present conditions. The British and American Consuls are to meet at Putumayo to concert something or other. Internationally it seems the Government is as powerless as it is to take proceedings against the company or the directors. Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Masterman, and the Attorney-General have all practically agreed in this in replying to many questions. To put an end to the liquidation it would be necessary for someone connected with the company to move, and nobody has moved.

Ghazi Mukhtah Pasha, who fills the gap at Constantinople, is—as might be inferred from his name—a soldier of distinction. He is eighty years of age, and won his laurels in the Russian war of 1878. Even more popular with the army is the new War Minister, Nazim Pasha. In fact, the most considerable advantage of the change

of Ministry is that a popular War Minister is put in the place of one of the best hated men in Turkey. It is paradoxical that a Ministry appointed under pressure of the military faction is mainly directed by elderly pacific statesmen. Already martial law has been abolished in Constantinople; the troops are to be withdrawn from Albania; and a commission is to confer with the rebels. How the new Cabinet will fare with the Chamber is hard to say. This Cabinet is a desperate attempt to bridge the quarrel between the deputies and the extreme military faction; and it may very possibly fall between them.

The first trial in Scotland under the Official Secrets Act has resulted in the spy Armgard Karl Graves being sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. He communicated in cypher to some person acting on behalf of a Government not named information about the Navy and land fortifications. His description as a man of brains and education and moderate morals showed he was well equipped for a spy. He had the candour to confess he had had a fair trial. The letters, in the guise of business correspondence, were compared by the Solicitor-General with the letters that used to pass between the Jacobites; an allusion that told with a Scottish jury. In one respect Graves' employers were not discreet. He applied to a medical man for the post of locum tenens, but was not engaged because his German accent would not go down in Leith.

Mr. Balfour at the first international Eugenics Congress exposed the quackery that underlies most popular writing on eugenics. Every faddist exploits the idea for furthering his own particular plan of the millennium. Professedly eugenicists aim at the application of scientific knowledge to the production of human beings in society. Much of what passes for eugenics is not science; and if it were, application would be impossible. Mr. Balfour was admirable in showing that the problem of eugenics is really spiritual. Breeding is not only or mainly a physical question. We have first to know what sort of man and society we want; that is, we need spiritual ideals. The present position of eugenism is this: that it knows little about heredity itself; and what little it knows it cannot apply to the breeding of human beings because humans are more than mere animals. It does not even know what to suppress. Some of the most unpromising physical humans have proved the most valuable to society.

Sweden, on her own land and water, is first in the Olympic field with 133 points. The American gladiators, who "gain nothing but their shame and the odd hits", are second with 129 points. ("One shamed that was never gracious", in Orlando's phrase.) For the Americans count it shame to be second in any contest, and only Americans count it gracious to win as they understand winning. The American's is always the feminine wish: "I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg". The English team has in several English newspapers been exhorted to follow the American lead. No doubt it is true that we might have stood first instead of third at Stockholm, had we gone to work as the professional American. But our victory would have cost us all that the English value in their sport. The American's idea of a game is serious business—rather shady business, too.

So Mr. Hammerstein has hoisted the white flag once more. We confess it is difficult to understand this American gentleman. He keeps on declaring that he does not want to make money out of his Kingsway enterprise; yet he also keeps on asking for support—support for what? For tenth-rate operas which no one wants to hear—that is the only possible answer. Let Mr. Hammerstein announce a strong list and he will get support enough without asking. Covent Garden, as an opera-house, has stultified itself by its importation of the villainous dancers who are now flooding the kingdom: now is Mr. Hammerstein's chance. Surely the Syndicate is not such a dog-in-the-manger as to refuse him the performing rights (at a price) of attractive operas when Covent Garden is closed.

THE NEW LAND CAMPAIGN.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is stage managing his new policy rather cleverly. He has brought it forward just at the time when his insurance muddles were coming home to roost. He has won control of the party machine by getting two of his young men returned to the House at by-elections before opinion was properly mobilised on either side. He has begun to fill a somewhat disgruntled electorate with new promises of a fresh millennium; and without saying what he is going to do he has captured the Prime Minister and appointed a committee to find out how he is to do it. His aim is definite enough. He wants to win the next election, and he wants to win it by his now familiar device of an appeal to bad feeling coupled with a money bribe. The germ of the whole idea of the new land policy lies in the Chancellor's desire to win the agricultural seats in the South of England. With this object he thought of the perfectly legitimate device of raising by legislation the very inadequate wages of the agricultural labourer. It naturally occurred to him that the tenant-farmer would say he could not afford to pay more, and at this point his own prejudice against landlords reasserted itself. Why not give the tenant-farmer more money by knocking something off his rent? Set up land courts to fix fair rents after the Irish pattern. The courts would, of course, start with the presupposition that present rents were not fair and would do their work all right.

At this point Mr. George seems to have come into touch with the school of thought in his own party, which aims at getting rid of the landlord by slightly different means. The idea of the Radical single-taxers is to alter the basis of rating from the annual to the capital value of land, thus transferring, it is claimed, the incidence of rates from the tenant to the landowner, besides tapping a source of revenue which can feed the State as well as the local authorities. This scheme has obvious merits from the Radical point of view. It hits not only the rural landlord but the urban landlord as well; it claims to transfer taxation from the many to the few; and it admits of dazzling statistical presentation. Statistics are the last aid to political thought, and everybody who wants to be up to date believes in them. But statistical science is still rather in its infancy and at present is often used as a sort of conjuring trick. Juggling with millions is a most attractive game to play before a popular audience. In this particular case a stupendous figure is given as representing the value of the land in England. Put a penny tax on that, says the statistician, and twenty-five millions come up like a rabbit out of a borrowed hat. Twopence is fifty millions, and any street-corner orator can show that by the time the tax has reached 20s. in the £ we shall all be millionaires. As to the idea that the little group of men who own hundreds of millions worth of property cannot pay a beggarly twopence, what could be more preposterous?

The plan is obviously most attractive. The only question is how many people will be carried away by it when it is first presented. To the very poor in great cities, all untrained as they are in economic thought, its appeal will be irresistible. But the very poor are profoundly influenced by the opinions of the class just above them, and we say deliberately that the whole chances of the policy depend on its reception by the lower middle class, the small shopkeepers and their kind. Will these people be carried away by the cry "Vote Radical and have your rates halved"?

The cry should be met at once by a clear presentation of its consequences. In the first place the execution of the new land policy would have a deplorable effect on the morale of the nation as a whole. It would extinguish the country gentleman, a type to which this country owes much. The English gentleman's position is already precarious. It has rested on the double foundation of political power and administrative responsibility. The first of these foundations has been sapped by the Parliament Act. To destroy the British aristocracy altogether it is only necessary to abolish the

large landowner. To increase the small holder is one thing; Lord Lansdowne would do that, it is constructive statesmanship. To destroy the large is another that Mr. George would do; for it is destructive. The results of the Budget of 1909 make it perfectly clear what will happen. Once the principle of the taxation of capital values is accepted the owners of land will save their skins by selling. Those of them who sell in time will do very well. Many country landowners who have sold their property during the last eighteen months have done very well. It is the nation that has done badly. The money sunk in land has been invested in stocks and shares, and the country gentleman with a sense of public duty becomes an irresponsible receiver of dividends. The new land policy will give a fresh stimulus to this most unfortunate development. The one class whose ambition is unobtrusive service to the State will be given notice to quit. They will have their private incomes, but they will feel the need of something to do. They will necessarily serve their own interests since they can no longer serve their country's, and they will increase the already severe competition in the professional classes. No one, not even the small shopkeeper whose rates have gone down, will benefit by a change of this kind.

Further, what is to happen to the land? In the earlier sales the speculator will seize his chance. He will make allowances for the tax, and he will realise that it will be doubled before very long; meanwhile, he will make what he can. The principle of the slum landlord, which is to extort the maximum rent possible in the time available before the closing order comes along, will be extended, and the housing conditions in the towns must deteriorate. Later on the State itself will begin to take over the land. How it will run it no man dare say. But it will not run it cheaply; a bureaucracy is never cheap. It will not run it wisely, for experience is only acquired by making mistakes. It will not be enterprising, for departmental methods are always stereotyped. But these are practical points which the fanatical school of reformers disdains to touch. One of the amazing things about the new Radicalism is its short-sightedness. A good election cry and the prospect of some money here and now content it, and to the future it does not give a moment's thought.

The electorate will certainly not be turned aside by an appeal to think of the next generation, and however disastrous the consequences of the new land policy can be seen to be it is not by reference to them that the policy itself will be defeated. Nor can it be defeated by abuse of its authors or by offering something less on similar lines. Ownership of small holdings is a useful counter in agricultural areas; it is nothing to the town voter. We can only battle with Mr. Lloyd George by facing the rating problem ourselves. Why should rates be levied on real property only? Such was not the intention of the Tudor legislators upon whose work our present system is based. The rates have come to be levied on realty mainly through judicial decisions to be explained by the fact that before the industrial revolution realty was almost the only form of property. Pitt, with his characteristic foresight, based his income tax broadly enough upon all forms of wealth, and it is remarkable that the immense success of the income tax has not pointed the way to rating reform. The remedy which suggests itself is the exact opposite of that proposed by Mr. Lloyd George. Instead of concentrating the incidence of rates upon fewer persons it should be spread out over a greater number. Let the rich man pay, say the Radicals. Yes, but why one particular type of rich man? Why the rich man who enjoys a uniquely low rate of interest on his capital and by way of earning it performs much gratuitous public service? Let it be pointed out that the real benefits of the Radical land policy will accrue not to the working classes but to the great capitalists who have already done too well out of Free Trade. This new scheme is marked by just that eye to personal profit which distinguished the Anti-Corn-Law campaign. Like that campaign, it will make certain rich men poorer, but only to make certain other

rich men richer. The statesmanlike alternative lies in a reform which shall make men contribute to the needs of their localities according to their means and not according to the source from which those means are drawn.

NAVAL PERIL AND FINESSE.

DEMOCRACY, both in action and in discussion, lives in the present and refuses to face the future. Therefore, at this moment, when our relations are so happy with another democracy whose Parliaments have the reputation of being even more unstable than our own, and certainly more largely controlled by men who by training and instinct take one side or another as lawyers do their briefs, language was sure to be used suggesting that this country can play a subordinate part in the Mediterranean. There is no crisis in the Mediterranean, and no crisis can break out there or in the Far East so long as the one controlling impulse of the British Foreign Office is to run away in every diplomatic battle with any of the great Powers save Germany. Yet those of us who remember how recently a great fleet was necessary to us in the Far East, and how we increased the British Mediterranean fleet up to March 1903, the present policy of fixing a modern eye so as to gaze upon Germany and Germany alone must be a source of grave misgiving. The character of our trade interests in the Mediterranean is known to all; but by 1914 the transport conditions to the Pacific will be revolutionised, for the Panama Canal will be completed and Canada will have three great transcontinental railways in actual operation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. So long as we held the Mediterranean in force the world, including the Mahommedan world, knew that we could sweep into the Pacific if the necessity arose. That, however, did not satisfy Australasia, and the most definite conclusion reached at the last Imperial Conference was that a beginning should be made in the re-establishment of our influence and prestige in the Far East by Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand each contributing a battle-cruiser. This has now been abandoned so far as Great Britain and New Zealand are concerned because of our necessities in home waters. The episode is humiliating in the extreme, and was characterised by the Prime Minister of Australia in a message to the "Times" correspondent as "unpractical and unstatesmanlike". Another Australian Prime Minister in 1907 arraigned British Cabinets at the Imperial Conference for neglecting the Pacific because it was "remote". We are now all concerned with talk of the defence of these islands in the near future or of about one per cent. of the area of the Empire.

Lord Selborne on Tuesday pleaded for a programme of eight battleships to enable us to add a squadron for the Mediterranean. The demand is based on the sound knowledge that battleships cannot do real fleet training with less than eight units, and that Italy and Austria will probably have ten Dreadnoughts in 1915 and twelve in 1916. He knows that in his own administration in 1903 we had in the Mediterranean fourteen battleships, fifteen cruisers, and twenty-eight destroyers in full commission, as compared with nine battleships, eleven cruisers, and five destroyers for France. We infinitely prefer Lord Selborne's specific remedy and robust demand to Mr. Balfour's pallid generalities and prophetic pessimism. Certain passages in Mr. Balfour's speech can only be explained if addressed to the Chancelleries of Italy and Austria-Hungary. He assumed that France and Russia would assist us, the old bad generalship which bases plans on the help which never comes. Italy and Austria he could "hardly believe would be driven to attack us alone in anybody else's quarrel". But they are Germany's allies, and Germany Mr. Balfour, as much as Mr. Churchill, holds to be the enemy. Was it not Austria's sole quarrel when Germany helped her to override a treaty a few years ago? Was it not a purely French quarrel over Morocco when Great Britain sided with France last year

in tearing up one of the latest international treaties? Are we not bound by the laws of self-preservation to assume the maximum of chances against us in a matter so vital to us as is our sea supremacy and prepare accordingly? "God helps him best who helps himself." As for Russia, a country which changed sides three times in the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, her policy pursues its own ends, as it has done from the days of Peter the Great. Mr. Balfour says it is "extremely improbable" that we should have to fight the Triple Alliance alone. The logical conclusion is that we need not make the preparation. We are driven then once more to ask, What is the policy of the Opposition? Is it the same as that of the Government, namely a 60 per cent. superiority over Germany? The Opposition leaders will not declare for a two-Power standard against the two strongest Powers, namely, Germany and America. Now we are to have the Triple Alliance ruled out. It is even suggested that we should rely for our existence on an entente. We can only say that a great Imperial party is false to the whole of its traditions if it allows so vital a matter to remain in obscurity. The standard which will give us security stands before and above all other questions, and since the only definite policy that has been put forward is the old one which in the past carried us to victory, we ourselves strongly plead for the revival of a two to one superiority against the next strongest naval Power. It is a standard which would be understood in Europe, for it was one which enabled us to save Europe from Napoleon, and because we deviated from that policy we lost the United States. What was all Mr. Balfour's philosophising worth, say, compared with a single quotation from Demosthenes? We are dealing with an abandonment of the Far East in which we have not only broken our pledge to the Imperial Conference to station a Dreadnought cruiser there, but we have with loss of self-respect implored New Zealand and Australia to allow their own units to come to our defence in home waters. We then abandoned the Mediterranean, and it was necessary for Lord Kitchener to bring the politicians to their senses. In such a case cannot we see how Demosthenes would have rallied the House of Commons when we remember his own address to the Athenians in face of the conquering Philip of Macedon. "He (Philip of Macedon) knew that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally on those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to those who are active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments he overturns whole nations. He either rules universally as a conqueror or governs as a protector. For mankind naturally seeks confederacy with such as they see resolved and preparing not to be wanting to themselves." How little confidence is felt in the London Cabinet at this moment is shown by the humiliation inflicted on it by the Ottawa Cabinet in forcing on them a public statement that whatever Canada gives must be considered as an additional security for the Empire and is not to be used for the reduction of the Navy Estimates. If Mr. Borden wished for confirmation of this wise stipulation, he will find it in ample measure in the history of promises of a Far East fleet made to the Imperial Conference; also in Mr. Winston Churchill's speech—so clear and frank as to what Germany was doing, and so evasive as to what we should do, to meet the future.

What is the bed-rock fact of the situation? We are working up to a proportion of thirty-three battleships in full commission to twenty-nine for Germany. It is a quibble to say that it is not fair to compare our minimum with Germany's maximum, and that eight of our reserve ships could be rapidly commissioned. The governing condition that sea supremacy is vital to us forces us to consider the possibility of hostilities breaking out at Germany's convenience, and compare her maximum with our minimum. We are thus working up to thirty-three to twenty-nine, while in the recent manoeuvres the British force was given a superiority of two to one. Is it that the Admiralty do not believe in their own policy, tempered as it is by the exigencies of finance? That is their policy for 1914;

in the very next year difficulties will be accentuated in the Mediterranean by the growth of the Italian and Austrian navies, and the impossibility of pitting a squadron of cruiser-battleships with six-inch or seven-inch armour against battleships with eleven or twelve-inch armour and much superior gun-power. Mr. Churchill talks darkly of meeting Austria's uncertain programme by considering it next year. Next year's programme is considered this autumn, and any consideration next year must be by supplementary programme. Are these constant alarms and discussions of use? Were it not far better to face the situation now and so obviate any risk of delay from strikes or congestion of work? The Government, we have said, are providing a maximum of forty-one and a minimum of thirty-three to Germany's twenty-nine in 1914. Not even the maximum gives a superiority of 60 per cent. which Mr. Churchill once laid down. To do so would require at least five ships more. But the minimum we have mentioned is not the true minimum. At any given moment some seven or eight battleships are in various stages of refitment and therefore not immediately available. Last March Mr. Churchill said that from twenty-five to thirty per cent. should be deducted from our nominal force to give our "average" strength. If we do this, we may find ourselves in a position of actual inferiority to Germany on the outbreak of war, from which any happy outcome will not be due to the preparations of the Admiralty but to the skill and pluck of our sailors. We think Mr. Churchill is playing with a problem of the gravest character. A few months ago he told us that "the time may come when the two keels to one standard in new construction will be necessary, but it is not necessary now". The reason he gave was our superiority over Germany in pre-Dreadnoughts. Now he tells us that if he had left even such modern pre-Dreadnoughts as the four *Duncans* and two *Swiftsures* in the Mediterranean, they would have been "a cheap and easy prey to a few powerful modern ships". We agree; but the new admission kills the argument for pre-Dreadnoughts as compensating for the absence of Dreadnoughts. The facts are marching beyond Mr. Churchill, and, though he quoted Mr. Borden that "the day of peril is too late for preparation", he himself has shown that he saw the peril, but for preparation he has so far given us only finesse.

THE DOCTORS AND THE ACT.

THE discussions of the British Medical Association at Liverpool have been protracted, but they have, unlike many other conferences, led to a definite result. The doctors have refused to touch the Act in so far as contract practice is concerned; on the other hand, they have agreed to administer the sanatorium benefit for the moment and under certain conditions. The resolution adopted by a majority of 117 votes to 22 last Wednesday puts the position in a very clear and definite form. The British Medical Association "calls upon all practitioners to refrain from applying for or accepting any post or office of any kind in connexion with the National Insurance Act except in regard to sanatorium benefit, provided that benefit is carried on in accordance with the wishes of the Association". Two postscripts are added to this pronouncement. In the first place, the decree of excommunication only lasts so long as the Government refuse to come to terms. In the second place, any member undertaking to do sanatorium work would be bound to submit the conditions of his employment to the approval of the Council. If these resolutions are carried into force, as they undoubtedly will be, in spite of the loud and vain talk of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman about finding plenty of doctors to work the Act, the most important part of the insurance scheme falls dead at a single stroke. The question of the sanatorium benefit is not pressing, for there are practically no sanatoria, and since such buildings cannot be called suddenly out of the ground like the walls of Thebes by the strident piping of Mr. Lloyd George, there will be no such buildings for many

a long day to come. It is then the failure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to conciliate the medical profession on the administration of sickness benefit that is likely to ruin the Act. What is the use of an Act which is supposed to insure beneficiaries against sickness if, when the money has been paid, the contributors find themselves not only no better off than they were before, but, if they were already members of a Friendly Society, in an even worse position. To hand back the six shillings a year to the contributors to use as they like is merely a farce of the most unpleasant character. It simply means that people who are compelled to insure for sickness benefit get no certain return for their money, but can divert their shillings to other purposes if they so wish. This is not insurance at all, for insurance is the pooling of a common risk. But if you are free, as an individual, to employ a doctor when you are ill and not to employ him when you are well you are not insured at all. You are simply running an individual and not a common risk, even if you are bound, as you are not, to spend your six shillings on a medical benefit. In a word, the Insurance Act has broken down on its cardinal point.

We regard this as a national disaster. We have pursued the consistent policy of the Unionist party in believing firmly in the main lines of the Bill and in protesting vigorously against the manner in which most of its vital details have been handled. The procedure in the House of Commons was outrageous in its brevity, simply because Mr. Redmond was engaged in pushing forward his Home Rule Bill. The mismanagement of the doctors was the last word even in the Chancellor's tactical imbecility. He appears to have imagined that by talking round, hypnotising, or buying up a few eminent members of the medical profession, he could silence the protests of the thousands of practitioners who were actually concerned in their daily life by his proposals. This dream proved futile in the face of the resistance of the medical rank and file. The next step was public and unrestrained abuse of the medical profession as a whole. This attempt also failed; its only result was to consolidate into a single and unbreakable whole the bulk of the doctors in the country. The third stage was a half-hearted and obviously insincere attempt at a compromise, in which no definite terms were laid down and everything was to be left to the action of Commissioners at some indefinite date. With this third failure comes the deluge. The whole nation is to suffer because Mr. Lloyd George can neither keep his temper nor play a straight game. No one can doubt that if a Minister of the reasonable temper of Mr. Bonar Law or Mr. Austen Chamberlain had been in charge of the negotiations, a satisfactory agreement between the two parties would have been reached. As it is, the general opinion among the delegates at the Conference appears to have been that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman had, in their recent speeches, made a vigorous attempt to force a rupture, and that in the face of this attack the medical profession would fight to a finish, and, what is more, to a successful finish.

We do not doubt that the doctors can make good their word. None the less, it would be sad if the blundering and blustering of Mr. Lloyd George meant the practical failure of the Act. The contention of the medical profession is in the main sound, but is it not possible to make some arrangement by which the doctors can maintain their position on the financial issue without wrecking the whole scheme of medical benefit? The Chancellor might in the meantime be brought to reason, or a Unionist Government might come to the rescue. Dr. Rentoul suggested, with some measure of general assent, the institution of a State medical service—but such a scheme is a far cry from the pressure of an immediate necessity. An apparently more practical scheme is suggested in the "Westminster Gazette", one which appears to have secured the general approval of the "Morning Post". Under this arrangement the local Health Committees would make their own terms with the local doctors. The six shillings would be devoted with certainty to the providing of medical benefits, and any extra charge

would fall on the patients themselves. In the meantime matters might, in the light of experience and practice, be trusted to straighten themselves out. A great deal of trouble ought at any rate to be faced before the scheme is allowed to collapse by failure to supply the promised medical benefit. Of course, the contributors under any such scheme would be paying a fixed contribution without getting an absolutely fixed medical benefit in proportion to their quota. But this need not trouble anyone seriously, because no one under the Act would have got a fixed benefit in any case. The financial failure of a society will involve a member in the acceptance of a reduced benefit or an increased contribution over the whole field of insurance. It would be better that the people should face the facts, and that the medical profession should temper justice with mercy than that the whole structure of national insurance should collapse.

WORK AND PLAY.

THE American gladiators end at Stockholm in a rooted opinion that they "lick the world". Characteristically it is the American way of reckoning to include only the contests for which Americans enter, refusing to consider points won by a rival team in such sports as have not yet been taken up in the United States as serious business. English newspapers, which cannot be rid of the vicious habit of accepting the Americans at their own valuation, without staying to notice that, covering the whole field, Sweden and the British Empire fairly hold their own against the United States, have agreed that the American successes are the really striking feature of the present Olympiad. Moreover, not content with exaggerating the achievements of the American team, they have actually praised its methods.

The American team was a body of trained professional gladiators run on strictly business principles. They were "professional" in the sense that any sporting competitor is professional whose sport is the serious business of his career. The Olympic sports were not merely an interval of their leisure. They were picked, trained, fed, clothed, drilled, and thoroughly supervised for the express purpose of going to Stockholm, and winning as many points as possible without actually breaking the technical rules of the contest. There was nothing in their composition or in their spirit that could be described as national, or that gave to their enterprise the least flavour of "sport", as an Englishman understands the term. Their champion swimmer was from Hawaii. A Canadian is just as acceptable for their purposes as a New Englander, provided he will put himself under orders and observe the rules. Further, the object of their training and organisation is not to run one competitor against another, but to manœuvre the whole team to score the maximum number of points. A is put up to run as fast as he can and to win. B and C are put up to "pack" the course. They do not even pace their own champion; but merely aim at edging the foreigner from the track and spoiling his run. The real intention of these manœuvres was clearly shown in the English Olympiad, when Halswelle was driven completely from the track in the quarter-mile, and Carpenter, America's put-up hero for the day, won by the proven conspiracy of his "helpers and servers". The only American champion who ran honestly on that celebrated occasion was a black man; and he was probably out of the plot simply because he was too slow to be of any use.

These tactics are not considered disgraceful in America. The American athlete freely boasts his smartness, actually parading his knowledge of the tricks of the course. The false start is typical of his devices. Either he will actually get the start of the pistol, or he will, at any rate, jar the nerves of his competitors. The use of these tricks proves what everyone acquainted with the American temperament knows already—that Americans have no idea of a good race or a good game. They run, row, and play merely

to win. Everything within the rules is legitimate. Moreover, they will go to any hardship and endure any discipline—not to give the other side a good game, or in the mere spirit of generous emulation—but simply to score off their competitors. There was never any pretence among the Americans at Stockholm that they were gentlemen amateurs engaged in a pastime. They lived *de rigueur*—for instance, they had to be on board the ship, where they were all kept together, every evening at 6 o'clock; and any infringement of the rules would have meant dismissal, and the curtailment of a possibly very promising public career in some corner or other of the modern New York *prytaneum*. These penalties would also attach to any disregard of "orders" for the race, such as we have already described. Nor does American organisation begin and end with the team. There are cheer-leaders in the crowd, who automatically encourage their own men, and, so far as they are able, stifle any spontaneous attempt to applaud the foreigner.

Briefly, the American team and its backers are a professional gang; and it is these men, we are told, who are to be the models for English sportsmen! If they should become so, English amateur sport—rowing, running, swimming etc.—will inevitably go the way of English amateur cricket. A gentleman will not make of his sport the serious business of life; and he invariably cares more for the game itself than to win the game. Henley is typically an English meeting—a rivalry of men and crews absolutely free of the professional taint. It would be disastrous to Henley—it would, in fact, absolutely change the character of the meeting—if it were to become the occasion of international contests of highly-trained athletes, taking their lead from America. English sportsmen should note "with one auspicious and one dropping eye" that Leander, training against the world, beat the Australians at Stockholm, whereas they were unsuccessful at Henley. If Leander follows America in making a business of rowing, victory would be bought too dear. English sportsmen might perhaps beat the Americans at their own game; but all good Englishmen would pause to ask if it were really worth while. There is a wholesome difference, for decent men, between work and play. Making a business of sport is a confusion of the provinces. Like so many forms of vulgarity, it has for its root a lack of the true sense of proportion—in other words, a lack of humour. The Americans who are glorying to-day in the painful and studied tricks that steadied them so well at Stockholm are precisely the Americans who, because they failed to understand "The Playboy of the Western World", arrested Mr. Arthur Sinclair and his comrades at Philadelphia.

THE CITY.

WITH business stagnant and Consols falling to new low records the optimism with which the Stock Exchange is supposed to be imbued has had little opportunity for display this week. But Sir Felix Schuster, whose opinions on financial matters carry far greater weight in the City than those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, wisely endeavoured to attract attention to the bright side of things in his half-yearly address to the shareholders of the Union of London and Smiths Bank. The persistent liquidation of Consols had begun seriously to affect the City's nerves. Rumours, quite unfounded, of banking trouble in the North were being widely circulated, and the feeling of uneasiness was accentuated by the fact that although the announcement that £2,000,000 had been transferred to the National Debt Commissioners for the purpose of debt redemption caused a temporary sharp recovery on Wednesday, before the day was out renewed selling had created a fresh low record.

In present conditions small offerings of stock have an exaggerated effect upon quotations, but the significant point was that in spite of the low level of prices liquidation was in progress which appeared by its very untimeliness to be of a compulsory character. Discussion of the Admiralty policy certainly did not help

matters, because it is obvious that the financial war of naval expenditure between Great Britain and Germany will be a serious market consideration for some time to come. Sir Felix Schuster managed to ignore all these depressing factors and expressed the opinion that the day cannot be far distant, if it has not already arrived, when a level will be reached that must prove attractive to the investor. The City is inclined to accept this view at any rate to the extent that any further decline can scarcely be very pronounced, especially as the Government broker should be a fairly consistent supporter of the market for a few weeks. Moreover, the operation of the National Insurance Act ought to be allowed to strengthen Government securities for a time. Something like £1,000,000 a month will be collected for six months before any claims have to be met, and it is hoped that a considerable portion of that sum will be invested in gilt-edged stocks.

The Home Railway dividends declared this week have been much in accordance with expectations. The drastic reduction in the Great Eastern rate prepared the market for disappointments. The maintenance of the company's service during the coal strike was only effected at great expense, but it may be hoped that the company will benefit in the future from its policy of giving first consideration to the requirements of the public. The increase in season-ticket receipts is a good sign in this respect. The most unsatisfactory feature of the general railway situation as shown in the reports so far to hand is that no appreciable saving in expenses was made by the companies which reduced their services. Thus the Brighton Company's result was a keen disappointment, and the announcement of the reduction of the dividend from the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. for the half-year caused quite a slump. The South-Eastern and Chatham dividends were not so bad, the former paying at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ against $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on its Ordinary stock and the latter $2\frac{1}{2}$ against 3 per cent. on its Preferred Ordinary; but the expenses of the joint system have increased nearly £10,000, despite the cutting down of the train services to the lowest possible point. The Lancashire and Yorkshire's rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., comparing with $4\frac{1}{2}$, was in accordance with anticipations. The outlook for Home Railways is not regarded as very promising.

Concerning other markets there is little to be said. Absence of business is usually an adverse influence, because dealers "read" brokers who approach them as sellers and mark prices down. American Rails have derived strength from favourable crop reports and good trade indications, but realisations by bulls have depressed Canadian rails against the influence of satisfactory traffic returns. Bank shares have been heavy owing to the depreciation in investment values, and in the Shipping list a feature is the decline in P. and O. Deferred to the level from which the recent sensational rise was started. Elsewhere the most noteworthy change is the decided improvement in the tone of Rubber shares, which is the more welcome because it is overdue. South Africans should draw encouragement from the speeches made by Mr. Schumacher at the Rand Mines meeting and by Mr. Rowsell at the African and European Investment meeting. In view of what has been happening recently in Canada Mr. Rowsell's account of the improving value of land and agricultural progress in the Transvaal is at least noteworthy.

The Anglo-French Mercantile and Finance Corporation, Limited, which in future will be controlled by the Imperial and Foreign Corporation, invites subscriptions for 600,000 £1 shares. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is chairman.

INSURANCE.

THE LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

THE managements of life offices which employ no agents and pay no commission unquestionably labour under one serious disadvantage; it is so difficult for them to obtain adequate support from the public, however beneficial may be the offers they make. Take the London Life Association, for example; it has made

very little headway during the last two decades, and has practically stood still during the last thirteen years. At the end of 1898, when a triennial valuation was completed, there were 8680 policies in force, assuring with premium accumulations a total net sum of £10,232,812, and at that time half-premium policies had not been introduced and the assurances without profits represented barely 1.5 per cent. of the whole. Against this, the summary and valuation appended to the report for 1911 shows that on 31 December last 8652 policies, assuring £10,633,243, were extant, and of these 207, for a gross amount of £654,200, had been issued under non-participation tables, and 280, for £664,228 gross, were of the minimum premium description. In face of such facts one is compelled to think that this venerable association—it was founded in 1806—has nearly attained its maximum development, unless some radical changes are made in its constitution. As things are at present there is clearly little room for further improvement. In no other office can greater benefits be obtained for the same yearly payment; a high rate of interest is being earned on the accumulated funds—£4 os. 4d. per cent. net in 1910 and £4 3s. 8d. per cent. net in 1911, being the latest returns—and the expenditure is wonderfully moderate, only 4.2 per cent. of the premiums having been spent in the first year and 4.117 per cent. in the next.

On such performances it is not easy to improve, nor can one readily perceive in what way the portals of the Association can be rendered more attractive than they have now been made. The half-premium policies referred to above give the right to full participation in the yearly premium reductions, and they are issued on terms that ought undoubtedly to command widespread patronage. For the loan of one-half of the premium during the initial period before abatements become possible the member only pays 4 per cent. interest, and he can rely upon the amount of his eighth and subsequent full premiums, plus interest on the sums borrowed, being very little more, and ultimately less, than the half-premiums he originally paid. On a policy for £1000 payable at death, taken out at nearest age thirty, the full premium is £30 and the half-premium £15, and the person who, considering his purse, selects the latter plan is merely called upon to pay seven successive sums of £15, plus 2s. for stamp; £15 12s., £16 4s., £16 16s., £17 8s., £18, and £18 12s. By this time the office will have advanced £105 (£15 multiplied by seven), and interest will amount to £4 4s. per annum, but the abatement of 60 per cent. made in the case of the eighth premium—now a practical certainty—will reduce the next payment to £16 4s.—£12 for premium and £4 4s. for interest. Two years later, in all human probability, the combined payment will not exceed £15 12s., and at the twelfth payment it may be expected to be about £15, gradually diminishing to £12 12s. at the twentieth, and ultimately, should the policy-holder survive to old age, to zero.

From an investment point of view the policies granted by this office possess indubitable attractions, but they are not run after to anything like the extent that might be anticipated. Issues of 248 life policies in 1910 and 260 similar policies in 1911 are, to say the least, unsensational, but of course the average amount per policy is exceptionally large, and the net sum assured was £458,500 in the one year and £403,841 in the other year—an average of £2011 and £1648 respectively. The new premium income obtained is also substantial, and the yearly total is gradually increasing, having amounted to £355,059 in 1901, £375,312 in 1907, £380,065 in 1908, £379,807 in 1909, £385,331 in 1910, and £389,806 last year. It must not be overlooked, however, that the allowance in respect of premium reductions also increased from £211,404 to £218,505 during these same ten years, so that the net gain in revenue was less substantial than appears at first sight. It is in other directions, indeed, that the London Life Association has made most progress in recent years. It has accumulated resources very steadily, and its interest revenue has expanded to a notable extent. At

the end of 1901 the assurance fund amounted to £4,494,914, and it has since increased to £5,217,122, inclusive of the annuity fund. And in the course of the decade the net receipts from interest and dividends had similarly increased from £169,818 to £214,098; a reserve fund of £50,000 had been established, and a substantial sum was in hand unappropriated.

A London Life policy, with full participation in profits, is undoubtedly a valuable possession, life assurance being combined with the investments of capital in small sums at a high rate of compound interest.

A NIGHTMARE OF THE PLAYHOUSE.

By JOHN PALMER.

THE dreamer perceives that he is entering a vast cave to music which is vaguely familiar. An orchestra bursts into a quite remarkably sinister and declamatory phrase; and a shaft of blue light falls from the roof upon a piper, who plays his instrument with an exaggerated sense of self-importance. Fiery tongues of a very beautiful conflagration emerge from the floor; and the cave, which appears to be a cathedral, suddenly turns into a market-place where people are shouting. Sir Herbert Tree is in the rostrum, trying to recite a passage from Julius Cæsar, but the crowd persistently threatens to drown him. Finally he is put into a buck-basket and taken away to be thrown into the Thames.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, on a greatly reduced scale, appears unreasonably in a Nutshell. He is discovered; but indignantly protests that his name never was Improper Peter. Someone has quite needlessly added a syllable. Nor has he ever worn an ass's head—that was a midsummer night's dream with no Bottom to the tale.

Miss Neilson Terry, conducted before the curtain by Sir Herbert Tree, cannot remember whether to sing a song of Willow or the ballad of Sweet Alice Ben Bolt. She looks hypnotically towards Sir Herbert Tree; but Sir Herbert Tree has disguised himself as Fagin the Jew.

MISS NEILSON TERRY.

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens". My heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

The curtain on rising discovers Mr. Allan Aynesworth disguised as a waiter, listening intently to a chorus of "Mind the Paint". A delirious procession of Old Fools files recklessly past and vanishes into a ball-room.

MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

(Turning black in the face.)

I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING.

(Appears unobserved, habited as an Ancient.)

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

(Spits upon his flag and exit.)

Somebody cries, "A sail! A sail!" Enter the "Loulia". Mr. Charles Bryant lands with a touch of the Egyptian sun.

MR. CHARLES BRYANT.

Hamsa. Him very good donkey-boy. Make very good coffee.

But where is my beautiful Bella Donna?

(Breathes stertorously and exit.)

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.

(Enters with a tea-cup, disguised as a Hebrew doctor.)

There is sugar of lead in this cup. But I must be very careful. The point of etiquette requires very delicate and serious consideration.

MISS LILLAH MACCARTHY.

(Arrives very suddenly from the Kingsway. She addresses Sir George Alexander.)

Are you a doctor, please, or a dentist? I am pretending to be Margaret Knox. I want to sell these two teeth that I knocked from the head of a policeman.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.

(Turns suddenly into Sir Herbert Tree, made up to resemble a picture post-card of Count Tolstoi.)

It's no use your trying to shoot me. Several people have tried to shoot me. If you shoot me I shall haunt the play. In any case, you are only clearing the way for the Next Religion; and that is infinitely worse. . . .

The dreamer's vision is suddenly smitten with darkness; but he is sternly impelled, with a sickening sense of terror, into a large Examination Hall. He finds himself with pen, ink, paper, and a list of questions.

- (1) What was 98.9?
- (2) Which was the easiest way?
- (3) How many years make a milestone?
- (4) Is the third degree positive, comparative, or superlative?
- (5) How does the new sin differ from an old sin?
- (6) Love—and what then?

A Gigantic Plough takes form at the further end of the hall. It is on the point of passing over the candidate . . .

The dreamer wakes, clearly determined that he needs a holiday.

ANDREW LANG.

BY CHARLES BOYD.

"WE do not wish that the moment our backs are turned and the door is closed upon us, our characters or fortunes or behaviour should at once become subject of discussion." With this quotation from one of Mr. Jowett's own sermons the SATURDAY REVIEW began its article on the Master of Balliol—then just dead—on 7 October 1893. "His back is turned, on him the door is closed and it is inevitable that his career and influence should be discussed." So continued the SATURDAY REVIEWER of that vanished day. On Andrew Lang, in his turn the door now closes, and he is "the subject of discussion" in this place, where, for so many years, his own hand was active. Mr. Lang's was a place which no one else can fill; an incommunicable distinction passes from contemporary letters; and the sense of loss with some of us is personal. Where are we to begin? Scholar, folk-lorist, historian, translator, journalist even (writing as he bowed, with some wonderful breaks of his own); assiduous dealer with ballades and totems and golf and angling and dreams and ghosts—how shall we run after and catch the secret of one who did so much, and did it very well? We are told in one solemn quarter that Mr. Lang, like Mr. Gladstone, should only be dealt with by experts in separate compartments, and in another that it is hard to say what he did best, or sad, that of so much accomplished, nothing survives which you can call really great. We incline at the moment to deem these grave utterances irrelevant, and to think that nothing is so good in this achievement as just the sum of it, and that Andrew Lang mattered to us so much in fact by dint of simply being Andrew Lang. "Custom and Myth", "Myth, Ritual and Religion" and the rest may or may not "live" as men say. They are viewed seriously, with all this side of their author's work; by Mr. Tylor and Mr. Frazer and the "great guns" of comparative

mythology, and would be fame enough for most of us. Again, when the first volume of "The History of Scotland" was published, it seemed that the author's volume on S. Andrews, his "Pickle the Spy", and all the studies of the later Scotland, with which, to our vast entertainment, Mr. Lang had flooded the Reviews, had been but the intimations of a great strategic movement on the history of the nation which rose from the ashes of old Catholic Scotland. With the first volume that great advance appeared to have begun. He did not let himself go in a stream of narrative. Rather, you found an extremely learned and minute excursus, delicately done with much charming humour and not seldom touched with an exquisite prettiness of manner. Yet here one may have thought (and written) that Mr. Lang was at length building a lasting monument to his own memory, more than that accumulation of all the other things which had given him so individual a place among his contemporaries. Then there were the translations—the "Odyssey"—the proverbial "Butcher and Lang"—the "Iliad", in which Mr. Lang took a hand with Mr. Myers and Mr. Leaf, and that version of "Theocritus", which was Mr. Lang's unaided. Yes, a case may be made for the Translations as the best of his accomplishments, as the work which will live. Henley said that if Lang must be tied down to a single métier that should be the translator's, and that for his part he would have him appointed arch-generalissimo among those who "do into English". Yet there remains Andrew Lang the poet. Him many prefer to all the other people of the same name, deeming "Helen of Troy" a re-embodiment of the Greek spirit and a thing alive with passion, only so classic as to be caviare to the general, too good to be popular. Of the lesser poems we shall have something to say later, because we think that in them was much of the best in him who has gone. But even for these, which we have loved as "not the best poems but the friendliest poems", we will make no special claim. The truth, we think, is this—that in Mr. Lang we had indeed one good at many things, and that the best of him was that he was thus various, and in so many fields has multiplied our enjoyment. What he did was less than the distinction with which he did it, and that distinction he brought to every task, no matter how inconsiderable. Even a catalogue he contended might be made a work of art! In his exquisite essay on R. F. Murray, the poet of the "Scarlet Gown", a classic of succeeding generations of S. Andrews undergraduates, he deplores Murray's aversion from the manufacture of leader notes and the compilation of columns of literary news. This last, he writes, "might have been made extremely amusing; it sounds like a delightful task—the making of comments on Mr. — has finished a sonnet; Mr. —'s poems are in their fiftieth thousand; Miss — has gone a tour of health to the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang; Mrs. — is engaged in a novel about the pilchard fishery. One could make comments (if permitted) on these topics for love, and they might not be unpopular. But Murray calls this 'not very inspiring employment'. The bare idea, I confess, inspires me extremely". The point of all this is that the literary follet, who delights in mild mischief, and his inseparable literary quality accompanied Mr. Lang in everything which he attempted. Never were such "leaders" published in this world as those which he contributed to the "Daily News", where Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Herbert Paul and Mr. Whiteing also wrote—the first two on politics, Mr. Lang and Mr. Whiteing on everything and nothing, and all with a simplicity and an ease and an economy of words of which no daily journal has found or kept the secret. To this Review, week after week, year after year, he contributed at least two articles:—a long literary paper, based on a scholarship worn lightly as a flower, and a light leading article, done with a dexterity and lightness of hand to find the like of which we must cross over into France. "His dainty prose, his incommunicable humour" were R. L. S.' words about his friend, his admiration for whom dated from days when the elder was head boy and captain of the

eleven at Edinburgh Academy and the future author of "Dr. Jekyll" a small and unconsidered trifle. Though with a certain difference in later years, the dainty prose, the incommunicable humour was just as conspicuous in the most fugitive piece of Lang's journalism as in his most deliberate and considered essay. But there was infinitely more behind. Ourselves "when young did eagerly frequent" such opportunities as we had of learning from him. Not while life endures shall we forget the rigid discipline he imposed on himself and on one to whom he was gracious enough to give an occasional task to do and some practical lessons on the art of how to do it. Mr. Lang could be very severe on young men who supposed that smart writing could make up for scamped work in the matter of looking up references and getting up the scope of works relevant and necessary to an honest piece of serious reviewing. Something has been said recently of his own slight tendency to inaccuracy. That never went beyond an occasional verbal slip. He professed himself to be "naturally of a most slovenly and slatternly mental habit". He hated, he said, taking trouble and verifying references. In that case, all one can say is that the labour of "thoroughly learning certain Greek texts" had done much more for him than merely helping, as he modestly put it, "in a certain degree to counteract those tendencies". His memory was prodigious, and prodigious his reading. He seemed to have read everything and to have remembered most of what he read. "Writing is to you as easy as talking?" one asked. "Just about", was the answer, and he lit his cigarette and so fired away. Yet how assiduously he continued to study, in a nook, it might be of the Bodleian at Oxford or of the University Library at S. Andrews, looking out on the quiet backwater of S. Mary's College. . . .

We stand once more in the study carpeted with sheets of manuscript, written, blotted, and so cast down anyhow upon the floor. A long, slim form is bent over the paper which we have brought for this master's revision. In the still December evening we can hear the waves breaking on the Western Sands. Then with a quick movement the brindled mane is thrown back and we meet that dark unfathomable gaze—rather beautiful than auspicious. "It will do", he says in a hurried head-voice; "you have looked out your authorities. What you brought the other morning didn't do a bit. Not business, you know!" It is twenty years ago, and we feel the old time come over us, and the old disquiet. Mr. Lang was kindness itself in all big things; no man did more for other people more occultly. But to youth, the befriended offspring of a friend, he could be alarming.

Andrew Lang has died in Scotland, where he liked best to live. London he liked as little as he liked Parliamentmen—"Parliamentmen whom you loved not, Father Isaak", he addresses Walton, "neither do I love them more than reason and scripture bid each of us be kindly to his neighbour". Whether or no he had been brought back to his own Border Country to be buried, like Sir Walter,

"Beside his friends on the grey hill,
Where the rains weep and the curlews shrill,
And the brown water wanders by",

or sleeps—as has been decreed—under the shadow of the ruined cathedral of S. Andrews where rest old friends enough, in Scotland those who knew him will be haunted by him. Perhaps only a Scotsman knows how good the best of his shorter poems are, now commemorating a dear friendship as in the beautiful lines to Mrs. Sellar, now filled with the long, silver light of the Northern afterglow, and musical with the kind remembered melody of Tweed; or, when he turns from his beloved Border to his dear city of youth and dream, sonorous with the long sea rollers surging and sounding under the broken minster of St. Andrews. Last summer at the Quincentenary of his first Alma Mater, as three and twenty years before at an earlier academic festival of the college of the "Scarlet Gown",

the tall, spare unquiet figure, the dark melancholy eyes, something casual and detached in his movements, suggested somehow the aspect of One Returning. His own youth, his own memories, he confessed were apt to be uppermost with him, revisiting at such moments the little city worn and grey, with which he has told us he "fell in love at first sight, as soon as I found myself under the grey sky, and beheld the white flame of the breakers charging over the brown, wet barrier of the pier". In Galloway or in the Forest of his boyhood—where sleep the "wanderers that were his sires", they who deserting the heath and river brink "doomed their child to pen and ink"—now pursued perhaps in gipsy fashion, or at S. Andrews men beholding "three peaks against the saffron sky" or standing under certain towers, "that the salt winds vainly beat", and "mirrored in the wet sea sand", will remember Andrew Lang.

A LONDON STATUE TO RHODES.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

IT is very hard to make English people really interested in statues. They are things upon which most of us look with unseeing eyes, often ignorant not only of the sculptor who made them, but even of the person whom they are intended to commemorate. It is true that we have very bad statues in England—statues, I suppose, as bad as are to be found in any country in the world; but whether we have bad statues because we are not interested in them, or are uninterested because the statues are bad, it would be hard to say. At any rate, no one really cares. It is an understood thing that after the death of men who have been recognised as great some kind of effigy or memorial of them should be planted in a conspicuous place; the matter is generally dealt with after the same manner as that in which people see to the furnishing of a tomb; the order is given to some one who has made a trade of the supply of such articles, and who knows the kind of thing the public thinks suitable; the money is subscribed, the statue erected and unveiled, and the whole matter forgotten again as quickly as possible.

It has been felt for some time that there should be some kind of memorial in London to Cecil Rhodes. People are fond of saying that his work is his best memorial; but in fact that is not true, for Londoners at any rate. There was no need to raise a statue for him in Rhodesia, where the whole life of the colony is intimately commemorative of him; where he did really stamp the impress of his work and his thought on a whole community and continent of men; where it is quite unthinkable that his name should ever be for long out of remembrance. But in the life of London there is nothing to remind us that such a man as Cecil Rhodes ever existed; and it is here if anywhere, in the heart of the Empire which he so passionately believed in, that there should be some visible reminder to the passer-by of that great departed man, so that to future generations he may not merely be a name, but a fellow-creature of whose outward lineaments they may have some faint imaginary conception.

This being so, a question has arisen as to what form this memorial should take, and to whom the making of it should be entrusted. In his letter to the "Times" last Tuesday, Mr. Charles Boyd, a faithful servant and disciple of Rhodes, pointed out some very strong reasons why this memorial should take the form of a replica of Tweed's statue in Bulawayo, so that future generations of Londoners and future generations of Rhodesians may think of Rhodes, so to speak, in the same terms, and have some common conception of what he was like.

There is one sculptor whose art was almost ideally suitable to the representation of a man of Rhodes' energy and strong, immense, rough-hewn ideals; and that man is Rodin. If Rodin had known Rhodes, and if he had been twenty years younger, this would have been an occasion for that rare thing, a masterpiece of modern sculpture. But these are big "ifs". Rodin is far past his best work, and he never knew Rhodes;

moreover, it is probable that he never could have fully understood the curious mixture of piracy and statesmanship that made Rhodes so essentially English, although English in a way far behind and far in advance of his day. Half of him was Elizabethan pirate, and the other half the man of to-morrow, whom perhaps we do not yet perfectly comprehend in England. At any rate, no one but an Englishman could understand Rhodes well enough to translate him perfectly into terms of art. On other grounds, although the patriotic point of view with regard to art is generally negligible, there would be something almost pathetically unsuitable in having as a great national memorial to Rhodes the work of a foreigner. One cannot help thinking that he himself would have taken quite a Philistine view, and preferred an indifferent statue of himself by an Englishman to a better one by a foreigner. Fortunately, that difficulty is not likely to confront us. Rodin is, I believe, out of the question. Mr. Tweed, who is obviously the English sculptor who should be chosen to execute this work, is incapable of bad work; it is in fact already shown by the statue that looks across the plains of Matabeleland that he has found in Rhodes a subject capable of inspiring him to an achievement of high artistic excellence. As Mr. Charles Boyd points out, Tweed knew Rhodes well, and had a deeply sympathetic understanding of his character and his ideals.

What must be made quite certain, therefore, with regard to this memorial, is that it should be the work of Tweed. Even the dormant artistic consciousness of London has awakened to the fact that statues may be very costly, very conspicuous, and terribly permanent things; and some of us at least are determined that there shall be no more of the monstrous and unsightly piles of masonry with which in the past half-century we have made London unsightly, and which in the Victoria Memorial culminated in a thing so conspicuously abominable that it opened the eyes of the dullest to the necessity for calling a halt. Rhodes, at any rate, must not be celebrated by a contract for masonry let out to an official academic sculptor. It is not likely that this will even be threatened; but it is important, even at this early stage, that people should rouse themselves to take an interest in the matter, and see to it that its execution is entrusted to safe hands.

For my part, I am entirely of Mr. Boyd's opinion—that the memorial to Rhodes in London should take the form of a replica of that in Bulawayo. It is artistically a fine thing, and would be rare enough in London on that account alone. It is unlikely that with this subject, at any rate, Mr. Tweed could do anything better. He ought to be consulted, of course, and if he himself felt that he could do something different and something better, that alternative might be considered; but it is extremely unlikely that he would. Moreover, there is something intrinsically attractive in the idea of a great man being commemorated in different and far distant parts of the world by one and the same artistic idea. It is a catholic and unifying principle which, while it need not be carried too far, is well worth considering in an age when sculpture as an art cannot be said to flourish, and when a really fine statue is something of a rarity. Copies of masterpieces by another hand and in another age, with all the life gone out of them, would be poor memorials for any man; but there is no reason why a living master should not execute replicas of his own best work. In the case of Mr. Tweed there are special reasons for this: he is probably our first living sculptor, his best work is not in England, and it can never be seen by the bulk of his countrymen except in the form of replicas.

Mr. Charles Boyd in his letter said that it was not for the personal friends and servants of Rhodes to concern themselves in the affair of a memorial. I think he is quite wrong. It is just they who should concern themselves with it, and see that in this matter at least no irrevocable stupidities are committed. It is of no use to leave things to people who really do not mind much what happens, one way or the other. It is the people who really care who should be responsible for seeing that the right thing is done in the right way.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE has not uniformly gained in the last twelve years; on the morrow of the tremendous Bergeret success there was surprise when the author, a smiling Dreyfusist in his books, was discovered to be a furious one in his deeds; there was more surprise when he turned Socialist; there was scandal when the "Jeanne d'Arc" and the "Ile des Pingouins" appeared; and there was amusement when, a year or two ago, M. France, ceasing to be a Dreyfusist or a Socialist, took to travelling and banished serious thoughts from his mind.

Yet the hold which a writer has on the French public is so great that the announcement of a novel on the Revolution by the author of "Jerôme Coignard" created as much excitement as the Bergeret series itself, and "Les Dieux ont Soif", though published little more than a month ago, is already in its sixty-eighth edition.

These thirsty gods are the Terrorists, and the narrative begins in May 1793. We have only to open the book to be clear about the author's object. He has always been a critic and an antiquary, a man who tries to understand and explain as well as a man anxious to see the past, and these two tendencies are as visible here as in the ill-fated "Jeanne d'Arc". Clearly his interest in the Revolution is akin both to that of Taine and to that of M. Lenôtre*, and his aim is to grasp the psychology of the Revolutionists as the former, and, as the latter, to replace it in the everyday surroundings which lovers of the old streets endlessly strive to imagine. Mr. Arnold Bennett has made very nearly the same attempt in the second part of "The Old Wives' Tale", which, inferior as I think it to the first, is, however, far more vigorous and even more artistic than "Les Dieux ont Soif".

There is little doubt that M. Anatole France not only works on lines similar to those of Taine—in vols. v. to viii. of "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine"—but has simply borrowed them from him. He accepts his reading of the Revolutionists in its two chief points: they were lunatics, but they were men all the same, sometimes gentle and often sincere; and the explanation of their bloodthirsty mania lies in the danger in which their country was placed by the European coalition, and which gradually became their personal danger. Take away the soldiers who fought at the frontier, the Revolutionists become mere brigands; with them they are monsters, it is true, but a horrible greatness cannot be denied to them.

M. Anatole France has not looked any further than this analysis, and all his effort has consisted in shaping his central character upon it. Evariste Gamelin—the hero of "Les Dieux ont Soif"—is as consistent, and at the same time as artificial as Taine himself would have made him. But the frame in which his stiff figure moves is very nearly perfect. Anatole France is an abyss of picturesque knowledge and need go to nobody's school—not even M. Lenôtre's—for vivid representations.

Gamelin is a young painter, a pupil of David's, moderately talented, moderately intelligent, but sincere and honest; a true patriot, a man of feeling, an unbending champion of unadulterated revolutionary truth, a handsome fellow, too, though stern, and fascinating after a fashion, and capable of violent affections. As a set-off to him, M. Anatole France has taken his mother, poor old thing, the typical bewildered witness of an epoch too terrible for her powers of realisation, stunned to muteness by the atrocities she sees, but protesting at last when she hears that ells and farthings are to be replaced by mètres and centimes, and everything "is going to be regulated by distilled water". Gamelin has a friend, Elodie, who plays no inconsiderable part in the story. She is the daughter of a rich merchant, not a patriot, and cares little for politics. All she cares for

* Read any volume in the series "Vieux Papiers Vieilles Maisons".

is to become more than a friend, if it is less than a wife, to Evariste, and we are treated to full descriptions of her very simple nature. In a garret of the house in which Gamelin lives with his mother hides a ci-devant financier, Brotteaux, an anti-Revolutionist and an atheist, a loose man and a kind man, who reads Lucretius and preaches materialism in sight of the guillotine, but puts up a fugitive monk when he has a chance. This replica of Jérôme Coignard is visited by the citoyenne Rochemaure, late Madame de Rochemaure, who is a great schemer, a general traitor, a most seductive creature withal, though not so young as she used to be, and engrossed by the same preoccupations we have seen in Elodie and will see in all the other women in the book. For the figures in "Les Dieux ont Soif" are numerous and apparently various, but they are in reality extremely similar.

The revolutionary and the sentimental developments of Gamelin are very simple and coincide in their progress. At first he loves Elodie platonically, and no juryman in the Revolutionary tribunal is more scrupulous and human. When Elodie becomes his mistress we see a change; he is more strict, more conscious of his awful duties; more than once we see his vote weigh down the fatal scales when the rest of the jury were uncertain. As his passion increases his merit is also better recognised; he is appointed a regular magistrate in one of the four dreadful courts, and, as the foreign armies seem successful in the North, he kills right and left in Paris and thinks himself very agreeable to the Supreme Being, whom Robespierre worships so piously. Finally he grows perfectly atrocious, and happening to sit in judgment on a man against whom there is nothing except that he suspects him—quite wrongly—to have been Elodie's first love, he gets him condemned and guillotined, and Elodie is so horrified that she loves him ten times more, as will always seem natural to M. Anatole France. To remain a typical Revolutionist to the end, Gamelin is executed with Robespierre, and dies reproaching himself with criminal lenience towards the assassins of the Republic.

This is Gamelin, and this is about all the story. What shall we say of it, not as an historical document, which it does not claim to be, but as a work of art? Well, M. France's manner does not suit a portrait of this kind. I suppose the reader remembers the style of "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque", for instance. It is at the same time persuasive and the reverse. We know the writer is playing with his characters and with ourselves, but we do not mind, and we let him amuse himself so long as he entertains us. The narrative halts or bounds as Voltaire's stories do; we are treated to impossible episodes; the characters do and say all sorts of things which are only probable because everything is probable, and, above all, because a book is only a book, we do not protest. Gradually we are even convinced that life, if we knew it better, would appear as extraordinary as these tales. This is all very well in eighteenth-century fiction or in pastiches after it, but in a dark modern drama like "Les Dieux ont Soif", to which we bring the seriousness we value so highly when mere literature is at stake, this process is decidedly inartistic. We would like in the development of Gamelin something of Racine's treatment of Nero, and we only find the facile simplification of Jérôme Coignard.

This impression is strengthened by the tone of the dialogue and the philosophy of the book, which are both characteristic of the author's lighter works. It is not easy to make the people who saw the Revolution speak in a novel in a satisfactory manner. That terrible chapter of French history has changed entirely the perspective of even familiar scenes; we imagine the people of 1788 as completely different from those of 1808; they might be shades in Hades, so unreal the atmosphere about them seems to us. So, if a writer limits his efforts to the reproduction of what might be called historical dialogues—conversations on contemporary topics—he is pretty sure to lack picturesqueness; if, on the contrary, he endeavours to hit what

he supposes to have been the chatty tone of the epoch we mistrust him. In "Les Dieux ont Soif" there is a great deal of historical dialogue, and the rest is in M. France's peculiar language—an admixture of Greek irony or terseness with Latin sententiousness, and a sprinkling of old gauloiserie—often charming, never real. All readers of Anatole France must have experienced that these balanced speeches settle in the memory so well that after shutting the book we not only continue to hear them in our ears, but unconsciously manufacture similar ones while we go about our own affairs. They must have noticed also that great books—books in which the matter is so supreme that the manner cannot attract special attention—never produce that effect.

As to the philosophy permeating the book, it is that to which M. France has long accustomed us, and of which we have had time to be thoroughly tired. Nobody in "Les Dieux ont Soif" is good or noble, though many people are kind; and nobody is bad enough to be thoroughly repellent, though everybody more or less does things we ought to abhor. One character—the monk—would be admirable if he were not perfectly ridiculous; another—a young woman of unmentionable profession—is about the best in the book, but it is evidently because M. France has not had time to advert to her sufficiently. All these puppets are moved by either selfishness or sexual propensities—often by both—and no other motive appears. Weaknesses are absent from this book; they connote hesitation or remorse, and there is nothing here except fatality. It is evidently no fault of Elodie if, less than six months after Gamelin's death, we hear her address a new lover in words we remember her using in the height of her former passion. M. France does not despise women; he only regards them as impure machines. (By the way, I shall await the English version with curiosity. The translator, however post-Victorian, will have to think more than once before he leaps.) One may plead that M. France has a right to his opinion. No doubt, but certain opinions which may be only bad morals in a man of fifty are also bad taste in a man of seventy.

Some writers have spoken of an evolution and even a conversion of the author, because being an ex-Dreyfusist he seems to be also an anti-Revolutionist; but political shades matter little where there are such moral principles. The only interesting fact is that M. France seems decidedly out of date.

IN A GREEN LAND.—IV.

(Concluding article.)

By W. H. HUDSON.

MY object gained I quitted the little Hampshire village the richer for three prized memories: first and best was that of the people I had been staying with in their cottage; next in order of merit, the image of those little feathered fairies in a vocal rage; and last, that of five white or cream-coloured cows issuing from some small or cottage farm at the side of the heath, driven or followed by a young woman to their daily grazing-place on some distant part of the moor. Every morning they appeared from among the green foliage of trees and shrubs, behind which the homestead was hidden, to take their slow way over the wide, brown heath in a scattered procession, always followed by that young woman, tall and straight, her head uncovered, her limp gown of a whity-grey colour almost like the white of the cows. A beautiful and a strange spectacle, seen from afar as they moved across the moor in the dewy light of the early sun. They had a misty appearance, and there was something, too, of mystery in it, due perhaps to association—some dim suggestion of old human happenings, exceedingly remote in time and sacred.

I had seen and heard and made these precious things mine, and now I wanted to turn back to the west again, to be in other green, flowery places before the bloom was gone. It was June, and by making haste now I

might yet find some other feathered rarity and listen to a new song before the silent time. The golden oriole and furze-wren were but two of half a dozen species I had come out to find. I was soon at Westbury, on familiar ground under the old familiar White Horse; a little later at Yeovil, where a few days had to be spent to visit old friends living near, and there was Montagu House and park to see. But though the vast park is like a wilderness or like some place in a dispeopled land which was once a park, there was no feathered rarity there, nor anywhere in the country round.

On my first evening in the town I went out into the neighbouring wood on the steep slope above the little river Yeo, and listened to a nightingale for half an hour, the only one I could find in the place. On the following afternoon I had sitting opposite to me at the table when taking tea at the hotel a commercial traveller whose appearance and speech amused and interested me. A tall, bony young man with lantern jaws and sunburned skin, in a rough suit of tweeds and thick boots; he was more like a working farmer than a commercial man, who as a rule is a towny, dapper person. I ventured the remark that he came from the north. Oh yes, he replied, from a manufacturing town in Yorkshire; he had been about the West of England for the last two or three years, and this was the first time he had elected to spend the night at Yeovil. He had nothing to do in the place, having finished his business early in the afternoon. He could have got to Bristol or gone on to Exeter; he was staying only to hear the nightingale. He had never heard it, and he didn't want to finish his rounds on this occasion and go back north without that experience.

These rough fellows from the north, especially from Yorkshire and Lancashire, are always surprising us with their enthusiasm, their æsthetic feeling! One Sunday morning not long ago I was on the cathedral green at Salisbury watching the pigeons and daws on the vast pile, when I noticed a young working man with his wife and child sitting on the grass by the elm-trees. They had a basket with them, and were evidently out for the day. By-and-by the young man got up and strolled over to where I was standing, looking up at the birds soaring round the spire, and, entering into conversation with me he told me that he was a zinc-worker from Sheffield, that he had been sent south to work at Tedworth in the erection of zinc and iron buildings for the Army. When he saw Salisbury Cathedral and heard the choir he was so delighted that he resolved to spend his Sundays and any day he had off at the cathedral. He was musical himself, and belonged to some musical society in his own town. He talked of his love of music with sparkling eyes, and while he talked he continued watching the birds, the daws sweeping round and round, mounting higher and higher until they were above the cross; and then from that vast height they would hurl themselves suddenly downwards towards the great building and the earth. All at once, as we watched a bird coming down, he threw his arms up and cried excitedly, "Oh, to fly like that!"

And you, said I to myself, born in a hideous, grimy manufacturing town, breathing iron dust, a worker in an ugly material engaged in making ugly things, have yet more poetry and romance, more joy in all that is beautiful, than one could find in any native of this soft, lovely green west country! This is a most curious thing when one remembers that all that is best in our poetic literature has been produced by southerners—by Englishmen in the southern half of the country. I seem to hear a great cry of "Swinburne" from the North Country, and, from beyond the Tweed, a cry as of many indignant voices shouting, "What about Bobbie Burns?" These are the rare exceptions. It is undoubtedly the fact that the poetic feeling is stronger and more general in the north, yet we can only conclude that from this seemingly favourable soil genius springeth not.

To return to my commercial traveller. I told him where to go in search of the nightingale, and meeting him later that evening, asked him if he had succeeded.

Yes, he replied, he had found and listened for some time to its song. It was a fine song, unlike that of any other bird known to him, but it did not come up to his expectations, and he had formed the idea that this bird was probably not a very good specimen of its kind. It consoled him to be told that he was absolutely right, that Yeovil's one nightingale was a rather poor performer.

From Yeovil to Avalon is not far to the motorist, and contains nothing to detain him by the way; can one imagine anything except a policeman detaining him? To me—to all whose chief desire in travelling is not to arrive at their destination—it was a vast green land with small market towns and many rustic villages; churches in sight of whose grey old towers one would like to spend the slow, last years of life; ancient inns where the tired man may renew his energy with bread and cheese and beer; and cottage homes of people that one loves. They are never wildly enthusiastic like the Lancastrians, but they, too, have the spirit of romance and the inner, brighter life that is not concerned with material things.

It would take too long to relate my adventures in this place, where I only found the things I was not seeking; not a bird could I find, albeit the country was full of birds.

At Glastonbury I spent some hours at the Abbey, somewhat disturbed at the excavations and a little saddened at the sight of the repairs and restorations; yet they were necessary if this loveliest ruin in England was to be kept standing a few centuries longer. Unfortunately, however skilfully the restoring work is done, the new portions will insist on looking outrageously new. Time will doubtless restore the lost harmony, the ancient venerable appearance, but it will be long before these staring new parts will cease to have the effect of patches of a bright cloth on the frayed and faded garment. Fifty years of sun and rain will prepare the fresh, hard surfaces for the vegetation that makes a ruin beautiful—valerian, toadflax, wallflower, and grey and green mosses.

In the course of a conversation I had with some of the people engaged in these works at the Abbey, Mr. Blythe Bond, the gentleman who has charge of the excavations, informed me that a blackbird in his garden whistled a perfect melody. As I was curious to hear it he took me to his house in the High Street, and after we had been seated a few minutes in a summer-house in the garden the bird began fluting his little human roundelay. My host whistled and hummed it after him, then took me into his drawing-room and played it on the piano, and, finally, took it down for me in musical notation. I am pleased to have this and other blackbird tunes, but they are not uncommon, and some have been recorded by Johns, Witchell, and other writers on birds. A naturalist with a taste for music might, by going about the country and listening to the blackbirds for a few seasons, get a book full of such tunes or musical phrases.

From the Abbey to the prehistoric Lake Village is but a step, and here I spent some agreeable hours with Dr. Bulleid, the discoverer and excavator of this little centre of British life of the dawn, turning over his finds dug out of the black, peaty mould. Here is an enthusiast if you like—there are some in the south!—a busy doctor who works every day of the year in his practice, excepting when he takes his annual holiday of a few weeks and spends every day of it, from morn to dewy eve, at the excavations, studying every spadeful of earth thrown up by his dozen men. My chief interest was in the bones of the large water-birds on which the lake-dweller subsisted, and the weapons with which he slew them—the round, hard clay balls which were hurled from slings.

From the village I rambled on over the bed of the ancient lake to its deeper part, which is still a wet marsh, though partly drained and intersected with fences, hedges, and ditches. Here there are large areas of boggy ground so thickly grown over with cotton-grass that at a little distance it looks like an earth covered

with snow. Straying in this place, revelling in that wind-waved, feathery whiteness all round me, I finally sat down by the water-side to watch and listen. Mallard, moorhen, and water-rail and little grebe were there, but no unfamiliar sound came to me from the songsters in the sedges and bulrushes or from the osiers and alders.

I was not very attentive; mine on this occasion was a wandering mind; I was still suffering from the effects of my talk with Dr. Bulleid, for even the dulllest person among us cannot very well spend an hour with an enthusiast without catching something from him—a slight rise in his tepid temperature, a little rose-coloured rash on his skin, which will presently vanish and leave him well again—as sane and healthy a person as he ever was and ever will be to the end of his comfortable, humdrum existence. But just then, with the infection still in me, I was inhabiting two worlds at one and the same time—that dank, green, marshy world, whitened with cotton grass, which was once a great lake and had been an estuary which was eventually cut off from the Severn Sea through the silting up of the sand at its mouth. And I was in that same shallow inland sea or lake, unmoved by tides, which had been growing shallower and shallower year by year for centuries with a rank aquatic vegetation spreading over it as far as the eye could see—a green, watery world. I could hear the wind in the bulrushes—the miles on miles of dense beds of dark polished stems, tufted with ruddy brown: that low, mysterious sound in the bulrushes is to me the most fascinating of all the many voices of the wind. And the birds! Ah, to be back in the Somerset of that far time! Well, for a little space, while the infection lasted, I was there, and above me, in the vast blue heavens soared and circled buzzard and kite and marsh-harrier, raining down on me their shrill, indignant cries. And there were the breeding-places of the black-headed gulls and terns, black and white and grey and rose, in millions, a vociferous cloud that moved over me as I moved, herons and spoonbills and pelicans, the long-vanished bird, and from a great distance resounded the cry of cranes—the giant crane that hath a trumpet sound.

These all were very real to me, seen very vividly; but the wild-haired, brown-skinned marshman who was my conductor, standing up in his dug-out canoe and poling our way through miles of reeds and flowering rushes, was seen less distinctly. The anthropological reader will be sorry to learn that no clear image was retained of his height and features and the colour of his eyes and hair, and that the sense of all his wild jabber has gone out of my memory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Thurlow, Suffolk, 8 July 1912.

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George hopes to secure the labourer's vote by fixing a minimum wage, and the farmer's by fixing the maximum rent which he is to pay, so that, in the words of the "British Weekly", there may be "no severance between the farmers and agricultural labourers". As a matter of fact, in spite of the minimum wage, the institution of land courts would be the signal for an entire severance of the interests of the two classes. For the labourer is not so dull but he would see that if the farmer is getting something it is being got out of the landlord, and he will argue that he might as well have it himself. Indeed in many cases the labourer has worked on the holding longer than the farmer has occupied it, and therefore has a better moral claim to the plunder; and inasmuch as the labourers' vote is very much larger, and therefore very much more important, than that of the farmers, there will be no lack of politicians to point out to the

man who holds the plough that if anyone is to gain by the revolution it should be he, and not his employer.

Even in Ireland the force of logic is making itself felt, and the labourers are asking why they should not share the plunder which was exclusively conferred on those who were lucky enough to be holding land at a particular time. The agitation against the large graziers is already considerable, and both it and the general movement among agricultural labourers will gain enormously under Home Rule. Hitherto in the greater part of Ireland only Nationalist candidates have had any chance of election, and the pressure of Home Rule has kept out of sight the conflicting interests and divergent views which greatly divide Nationalists on many social and economic questions. With Home Rule achieved, however, there would be no longer any need for enforced hypocrisy, and the conflict on the land question would begin again. This time, instead of Tenants v. Landlords, it would be Labourers v. Farmers, but the proceedings would be equally exciting. Once you have aroused the spirit of revolution no man can set limits to its work.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

THE IMPERIAL RAILWAY ROUTE TO INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your REVIEW is doing good service in pointing out to the British public that though much is being made of the so-called Trans-Persian line, the route is one which is hardly likely to gain wide approval over here. Sir Edward Grey told us last week that before the line materialises, the conditions, details and alignment will be most closely scrutinised. And when a public inquiry is once set on foot the alternative plan of a British-controlled railway, connecting India and Egypt, in lieu of a line bearing away to the north, towards Russia and Germany, is pretty certain to be preferred. Fifteen years ago, shortly after my retirement from the Geographical Department of the India Office, I read a paper before the Royal Society of Arts, advocating the construction of such a railway, with Karachi for its eastern terminus, and all my subsequent lectures, studies, researches and inquiries have confirmed me in the assurance that such an undertaking is not only on the right lines but also within practical and measurable distance of accomplishment. When the Government of India last year deputed one of their chief engineers to make an actual railway survey from Karachi to the frontier of Persia, things seemed still nearer fulfilment.

At present, however, matters are to a certain extent held up, while the so-called Société d'Etudes is being got together, and while the members are familiarising themselves with the facts and ramifications of a subject to which some of us have already given the study of a lifetime. In one respect their recommendations are sure to be unanimous. They are sure to advocate the construction of a line which, instead of seeking its natural outlet on the Mediterranean by the shortest possible route, will diverge away from the British sphere and proceed north-west towards Russia and Germany. So much they are bound to do, as it is in the essence of their scheme. As the "Outlook" truly remarks, it is "nothing less than a proposal to divert the trade of India from our own sea-route to a Continental route for the benefit of Europe".

So far as the exploitation of Persia is concerned I wish the Trans-Persian line all success. It will traverse the most fertile region of that country and undoubtedly open up trade and prosperity, and may pay fairly well. But it can never fulfil the objects of a British link of Empire such as would be achieved by a direct trans-Arabian line uniting Egypt and India. Besides, the latter would effect a saving of six days in the present journey from Port Said to India, and it is impossible while the Société d'Etudes is still in embryo to say what the saving, if any, will prove to be

in the Russo-French project. The idea of entrusting British mails to and from the East, whether in time of peace or war, to a train running through Germany and Russia will hardly seem a practical proposal to most Englishmen.

Yours truly,

CHARLES E. D. BLACK

(Formerly in Charge of the Geographical
Business of the India Office).

INDIA IN PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I can no longer refrain from giving expression to the sense of irritation which goads me on almost every occasion when I take up my paper and read "India in Parliament". If the gentlemen who ask these questions could think of something really funny, we might be able to laugh, and the relief would be considerable. I extract three questions asked in the House as reported in the "Pioneer" (3 July):—

Mr. Joynson-Hicks asked whether he (the Under Secretary for India) was aware that the great mass of the women of India declined to be treated by a doctor other than one of their own sex?

Irrespective of Mr. Montagu's answer, which showed that over five and a half million adult women are annually treated at the hands of the present medical officers (male), Mr. Joynson-Hicks might understand that if he goes through any bazaar, any village, any city, or any fields in India, he will see quite as many women as men, and it is time that the extraordinary idea of the West, commonly held as it is, that all women of the East are "purdah", should be exploded. The women who are "purdah" and unable to avail themselves of male medical help are in a very small minority, and, being ladies of birth and wealth, are well able to pay for such female medical assistance as they desire. I have myself treated scores of native women in their homes, as have nearly all medical officers.

Mr. George Greenwood asked whether, in view of the fact that Hindus looked upon bovine animals as sacred and had, therefore, religious objections to the practice of vaccination, he would cause inquiry to be made for the purpose of ascertaining the feelings of the people of India, etc.?

Mr. George Greenwood may rest assured that the Hindu is not a fool, and that, in spite of his predilections for "bovine animals", his regard for his children, their lives and eyesight is even keener, and it is the rare exception in these days when enlisting or examining the younger generation to come across any that are unvaccinated.

Mr. Aubrey Herbert asked if, in view of the near completion of the Panama Canal, any steps were being taken to prevent plague, etc., so prevalent in Venezuela, being conveyed to the East?

If all the plague in Venezuela came to India it would make no more difference than if a collier discharged a load of coals at Newcastle.

I am, Sir,

Yours etc.,

A. W. H.

THE PUTUMAYO MISSION FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

257-8 Finsbury Pavement House E.C.

24 July 1912.

SIR,—In your editorial in the issue of the 20th you mention shareholders who receive a share of the spoil. It will interest you to hear that one shareholder has sent me a cheque which represents the dividends he received. If others would follow this example it would mean a good deal. I have been trying to get donations from

City people, as I thought this was a case where business men might well be asked to exercise their charity, but I regret to say the results have been very disappointing.

Yours faithfully,

PERCY H. BROWNE,

Secretary.

PUTUMAYO AND AN ANGLICAN BISHOPRIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Lodge, Sandy Lane, Guildford,

24 July 1912.

SIR,—It seems that only a startling calamity or some terrible exposure, such as the "Titanic" disaster or the atrocities in the Peruvian Rubber Fields, will seriously rouse people to action. For twelve months I have been striving in almost every large centre in Great Britain to urge our countrymen to turn to good account the magnificent opportunities which are presenting themselves to us on the eve of the opening of the Panama Canal, not only in Peru, but also in Chile, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Colombia.

Iquitos, the centre of the Putumayo and other rubber districts, is one of the places comprised in my scheme where I wish to start a centre of Christian work among our own people. I can find the men, strong, manly, forceful Christians of the very type required, but I seem to have been appealing to deaf ears for means to send them out and maintain them in the field. Many other centres of work are contemplated, such as La Paz, Quito and Bogota, the capitals of Bolivia, Ecuador and Colombia. Really first-class chaplains, schools, nursing homes and English doctors should be established in every large centre. We have scores of volunteers ready to go out at a moment's notice, but we are impotent for the want of means which could and should so easily be supplied. The £100,000,000 of British capital invested in these West Coast countries, bringing an annual income of £8,000,000 to these shores, surely represents a sufficiently strong claim for turning to Great Britain for help. All along the West Coast of South America we hold a proud position, our countrymen are honoured, respected, and trusted. We must do everything we can to keep them worthy of such a reputation.

I would further add that I can confidently count upon the sympathy and help of the Peruvian Government, with whom I have been in touch, in forwarding or extending in any way the work that our Church ought to be doing amongst our own people in their country. The President in Lima and the Minister, Señor Eduardo Lembeke, in London have both personally expressed to me their warm appreciation for my scheme.

Who can doubt that the influence of a strong public opinion, which such work on right lines always produces, will do more than anything else to make such proceedings as those at which we have been recently shuddering impossible?

L. F. FALKLAND ISLES.

RUTHENIANS AND POLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

37 Sinclair Road, Kensington,
23 June 1912.

SIR,—In your "Notes of the Week" on 22 June, speaking of Austro-Hungarian politics, you mentioned the hostility of the Poles and Ruthenians, and rightly compared the oppression of the Ruthenians by the Poles to that of the Croats by the Magyars. May I, as a Ruthenian, give a few instances of the nature of this oppression as practised by the Poles on our people in Eastern Galicia? One quarter of a million of our Ruthenian people, as citizens of Canada, are subjects of his Majesty King George, and fuller information on them may be therefore of some interest to many

Englishmen. On the other hand, so very little is known in this country about the Ruthenians!

In Galicia our Ruthenian people occupy the eastern portion of the province, which forms a natural continuation of the territory in the south-west of Russia. In this latter part of the Ukraine (as our country is called from the Carpathians in Austria to the Caucasus in Russia) our people number some thirty-three million souls, while in Galicia alone, being about four million strong, we are equal to the Poles. Of all the provinces of the Austrian Empire, Galicia enjoys the widest autonomy, and its powerful Diet has its seat in the capital of the province, Lemberg. Now, thanks to the present electoral system specially adapted to the interests of the Poles, the Galician Diet, instead of representing in an equal degree the Ruthenians and the Poles, as would be just and as is constantly demanded by the Ruthenians, allows the latter a very limited number of seats, thus furnishing a basis for a thoroughly Polish character of the administration of Galicia. The interference of Vienna being almost wholly excluded from Galician affairs by the autonomous constitution of the province and by the pressure of the Poles on the Vienna Government, the Ruthenians find themselves at the mercy of Polish arbitrary rule in Galicia. No doubt, Poles often try to represent this mercy as tender. We Ruthenians cannot call it so. Our aspirations of culture are not helped by the Galician Diet or by the authorities of Galicia, as was asserted by the Poles the other day in the columns of the "Times", and, although we are paying taxes in an equal degree with the Poles, we have, unlike themselves, to support our aspirations of culture by our own voluntary contributions. It is the hard-won farthings of our poor but patriotic farmers that support our schools, our colleges, and our students at the university, and whatever crumbs are allowed sometimes to fall down to us from the rich table of the Galician Diet, they fall after long and bitter struggles of our people against our Polish taskmasters. It is not only so with our aspirations of culture, but in every sphere of life, whether political, economical, or any other. The Polish legislation of the Galician Diet, inspired by Polish Chauvinism and marked by proverbial incompetence, has ruined our country, and it has caused that stream of emigration from Galicia which has carried away about two millions of our kin in the course of the last fifty years. Yet, all this notwithstanding, according to the Poles themselves, we Ruthenians possess a larger number of elementary schools and we have more churches in Galicia than the Poles, who have at their disposal all the public money of Galicia, both ours and their own. But this is due, of course, not to any care of the Polish autonomous authorities of Galicia for Ruthenians, but to the spiritual thirst of our own people, who, poor and wretched as they are, are firmly determined to remain in the possession of the land of their forefathers, and are liberal in offering their miserable earnings for the high purpose of preserving and reviving our once great nationality. The whole of our race in Galicia, Conservatives and Socialists alike, are bitterly resentful of the Polish oppression. At the very moment that I am writing our people are standing united in demanding the establishment of the Ruthenian university in Lemberg, and the whole of Austrian Poland, with all the means at its disposal, is pressing on the Vienna Government in order to prevent the scheme; Polish students and professors of Lemberg University have threatened publicly that if the Ruthenian university were established they would destroy it!

Is it not sad to think that the Poles, who so often complain of being ill-treated in Russia and in Prussia, should use their freedom in the only place where they are given it for oppressing another nation? In the light of that oppression practised by them in Galicia, I fear that the "moral auréole" of the Polish question, of which Poles like to speak, has greatly withered during late years, and the question may be asked whether the Poles have not forfeited their right to appeal to

the public opinion of England against "oppressing Prussia" or "barbarous Russia", since elsewhere they themselves are shown in the rôle of hideous oppressors?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

V. STEPANKOWSKY.

THE ROBERT LOWE EPITAPH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Amlwch, 6 July 1912.

SIR,—In connexion with the Robert Lowe epitaph, on which you have published so many letters lately, may I ask what is perhaps a pertinent question: Where is the Greek version?

Of this my reminiscence is fairly distinct, running—subject to correction—as follows:

Λῶϊος ἐν φθιμένοισιν · ὅποι δὲ βέβηκεν, ἀγῆλον·
εἰ μὲν ἐπουράνιος, πῶς λῶϊον Οὐρανίοισιν;
εἰ δὲ καταχθόνιος, τότε δυσμενὲς Εὐμενίδεσσιν.

The compactness and puns of these three lines allow, practically, of no various readings, and so far constitute superiority over the Latin translation, diffuse and offering an open flank to variants.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. JOHNSON.

P.S.—Verification shows me that *ἄνω φροῦδος* are words three and four in line two, instead of *ἐπουράνιος*.

THE INDIAN SCAVENGER VULTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 July 1912.

SIR,—I am grateful to Mr. Dewar for his correction, but the range of the Egyptian vulture (*Neophron percnopterus*) is not so definitely known as his letter implies. Yarrell, in his fourth edition, revised by that most painstaking and exact ornithologist, the late Professor Alfred Newton, says, "Its eastern limits are somewhat doubtful since of late it has been declared that the well-known Indian bird generally identified with *Neophron percnopterus* is a distinct species, *Neophron ginginianus* . . . the question still remains in obscurity". So late as 1896 the same eminent authority wrote in his famous "Dictionary of Birds": "In the eastern part of the Indian Peninsula it is replaced by a smaller race or (according to some authorities) species, *N. gingianus* (sic. Dict. p. 1016, note). Other, perhaps less cautious writers, such as the late Henry Seebohm, say boldly that in India "*N. percnopterus* is replaced by *N. ginginianus*, a smaller species".

Since Mr. Dewar's book professedly deals with common and well-known species of Indian birds of all sorts, I submit that it was reasonable to assume that his remarks were all intended for the species which (as the above quotations show) the most modern naturalists view as the "well-known Indian bird". No injustice was intended, but the error, such as it was, arose from the confusion caused by the author's methods and style, to which I called attention in my review. Thus, in the same chapter iv., and on the very next page to the "Indian Scavenger Vulture", he tells us of an English kite, who, for reasons incomprehensible to your reviewer, elects to address an English farmer in doubtful French. "Il faut vive" (sic) cries the kite. To this the English farmer neatly retorts, "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité". I imagine that both kite and farmer are of a species rarely to be met with in our isles. But it requires an ornithological expert to know that this French-speaking kite is the Red Kite (*Milvus icinus*), whilst the one actually under discussion in chapter iv. is an entirely different species (*Milvus govinda*).

Your obedient servant,

THE REVIEWER.

REVIEWS.

SWIFT IN RETREAT.

"The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift D.D." Edited by F. Ebrington Ball. Vol. III. London: Bell. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

IN the last series of his Miscellanies, published four years ago, Lord Morley says, with profound truth, "though men are often spoiled by success in the world, still more are spoiled by failure": and he comments on the various attitudes of men towards the outside unseen divinity—Fortune, Chance, Necessity, Force of Circumstance—when it overthrows them. "Some defy, some whimper, some fall stunned, some break their hearts once for all, others silently obey the grim ordering of events, and with courage gather up the shattered pieces." The third volume of Swift's correspondence, written from 1718 to 1727, shows how Swift bore the smash-up of the Tory party at the death of Queen Anne, the flight and attainder of Bolingbroke, the impeachment of Oxford, and his own banishment to the deanery of S. Patrick's. Swift had hoped, with reason, for a bishopric; but at the last minute he took, like many another, what he could get from a falling Government. Swift certainly did not fall stunned, nor did he break his heart, nor did he silently obey the grim ordering of events. His attitude was a mixture of defiance and whimpering, and there was, of course, as there always is in these cases, some affectation in his philosophy. He pretends that he does not know the names of the members of the Royal family, or of the Ministry; and, except when he snarls at Bishop Evans, there is some false humility in his perpetual reminder to his correspondents that he once was somebody and now is nobody. But great allowance should be made for Swift's peevishness and cynicism. His social and political extinction was dramatically sudden, and he suffered perpetually from deafness and giddiness. After having talked books with Addison and Pope and Prior and Gay and Steele the society of Tom Sheridan must have fallen rather flat; the politics of the Chapter must have seemed petty after the confidences of Harley and S. John. But genius is unquenchable; and, luckily for his sanity, Swift dashed into Irish politics now and again, as in the matter of Wood's pence and the movement to wear nothing but Irish manufactures. Nothing but the secret friendship of Lord Carteret, who felt for a brother wit, saved Swift from imprisonment as "the Drapier". And yet, if Swift's disappointment spoiled him in one way, it saved him in another. We at all events should be grateful to "the outside unseen divinity", who, if she banished Swift to S. Patrick's, made him write there the "Travels of Gulliver", which were published anonymously in 1726, and, we are not surprised to learn from a letter of Pope, displeased Bolingbroke; for with all his grand style of patriotism the Tory leader was an arch-humbler, and did not always relish "friend Jonathan's" satire on courtiers and ministers. "The Dean of S. Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons"—that is Swift's terrible picture of himself. One likes to see a great architect and master-builder planning and erecting his fabric. Swift writes to Pope in 1725: "I have employed my time, besides ditching, in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my Travels in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press, when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found bold enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after our distresses and dispersions: but the chief end I propose to myself is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading". Swift's distinction between mankind in the gross and in detail is well known, but it is always worth quoting, for it is a commoner frame of mind than is supposed. "I have ever hated all nations, professions, and com-

munities, and all my love is toward individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one and Judge Such-a-one: so with physicians—I will not speak of my own trade—soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth." And again, "Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed". Of course, this parade of misanthropy, and the manner in which it is worked out in "Gulliver's Travels", has got Swift a bad name, though hardly one person in ten who read "Gulliver" understands the satire; just as the satire in "Lothair" is so subtle as to be quite missed by most people. Yet we are not sure that we do not prefer Swift's misanthropy, which is at least honest, to certain political sympathy with the labouring classes, who are always alluded to as the victims of the idle rich. One act of kindness to an individual is worth all the Limehouse speeches. And Swift was extremely kind to individuals, to his servants, to the poor in his parish, to his clerical brethren, to Tom Sheridan, for whom he exerted his influence with Carteret and got him a living, to Jim Stopford, to Knightley Chetwode, to all of whom he gave the shrewdest advice, and for whom he took the greatest trouble. Who would not rather have had Swift for a friend than Rousseau? Swift's humour was truly of an extraordinary cast, and quite his own. He had a servant, McGee, of whom he was very fond, and to whom he erected a tablet in his cathedral. Swift would always call the man "Saunders" for no reason. Here is another specimen. Wishing to invite Hester Johnson and Mrs. Dingley to dinner, he invented a letter that had never been written, and answered it thus: "Jack Grattan said nothing to me of it last night; it is none of my fault. How did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner. Yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning, but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening, and, for aught I know, Sheridan may be here at dinner. Which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning but at last I found it. Pray, do not serve me those tricks often. You may be sure if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and, therefore, that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this". Surely a quainter invitation to dinner was never addressed to two ladies: Swift's explanation to Bolingbroke of the reason why mediocrities succeed better in the world than men of genius is well known, but good enough to bear any amount of repetition. "I have known something of Courts and Ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better, but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or seen, one great genius who had long success in the Ministry; and recollecting a great many in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time were, at best, men of middling degree in understanding. . . . Have you not observed that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations in the Court, the Church, and the law? It must be so; for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings, while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the right way? Whereas, if he had used a razor or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet." The letters of Pope and Bolingbroke to Swift are marred by their affectation: Arbuthnot's are quite natural, as are Gay's, though not very interesting. With regard

to the erudite editor of this correspondence, Dr. Ball, his habit of directing you to a footnote by a numeral and then telling you "supra p. 548" or "supra vol. ii., p. 324", is simply maddening. If an editor has anything to tell you in a footnote—and some of Dr. Ball's notes are excellent—he is justified in interrupting the voyage of your eye. But to drag your eye to the bottom of a page and to break the chain of attention merely to inform you that if you will turn back to a previous page, or if you will get and ransack a previous volume, you will learn what you will learn, is an editorial outrage for which Dr. Ball deserves to be thrown out of window, and would be, were it not for the sake of the dear Dean.

PRINCIPLES AND OUR PARTY.

"Conservatism." By Lord Hugh Cecil. "Home University of Modern Knowledge." London: Williams and Norgate. 1912. 1s. net.

LORD HUGH CECIL would give Conservatives a reason for the political faith that is in them; an undertaking more than respectable but less than necessary. Fortunately or unfortunately practical politicians have no use for political theory; because electors have no idea of political principle. Those who have political faith will for that very reason feel no need for reason, and those who have no political faith can have no interest in political principles. It is humiliating enough to have to start with a negation of reason and principle, but in democratic politics if you start any other way you will soon be wide of the mark. By principle, of course, we do not mean anything moral; we are not calling the mass of electors unprincipled, even in the vulgar sense. We mean by principles political generalisations, what the Greeks called *ἀρχαί*. Is it possible to find a general proposition or two or three of them from which the members of a party can deduce their whole political position? Or to put it in another way, are they agreed on any one or two propositions to which they can apply as to a touchstone every new situation as it arises and immediately perceive how they ought to act? One need not be careful in answering that. No party has ever yet honestly supposed it could. For a time the Liberal party in this country pretended it could; revolutionary movements have from time to time made the same claim; many Socialists do now. It is safe for those who have never had the chance to put their theory to the test of practice to do so. So far as we know neither the Tories nor the Conservatives, or Unionists, of to-day have ever claimed anything of the kind; partly, no doubt, because it has not occurred to them to ask the question; and this has undoubtedly helped them to be the honestest of the two parties. They have not needed to pretend that black was white because their principles required that everything without exception must be white. They have decided most questions by the expediency of the day, as nine political questions out of ten are always decided everywhere. Liberals and Radicals do the same, but pretend to do something higher. But it does not follow because politics cannot be raised to a deductive science or because not even a single party can refer its practice to a consistent line of thought that all is sheer opportunism, that there is not even an idea of reason at the back of the party man's opinions. Either there is some sort of general point of view at the back of the politician's mind or he thinks there is; but he very seldom tries to define it, and can hardly succeed if he does try. This sounds ignominious, but would it really be a good thing if no elector were happy until he had discovered a philosophic basis for his vote? Would he get nearer a right principle? Are we not politically much in the same position that we are in every other way? We are not absolutely in a fog; we have an idea where we are and where we are going—what we call an instinct, which disappears if we try to define or explain it. It disappears on analysis, not because it never existed, but because it cannot be analysed. It is the old story of dissecting the man to find his life.

Lord Hugh Cecil does not try in his very acute examination of Conservative politics to do the impossible and provide the party with a flawless philosophic basis. But he does try to find out what these politics are; what nexus, what common denominator, there is between the policies on which Conservatives are agreed. So far as he is concerned with philosophy at all, he refers the Conservative's position to the standard of Christianity. Very striking and very characteristic of the author is the high seriousness of the book's whole tone. We certainly shall not quarrel with the Christian standard he sets up, but it does show the extreme difficulty of getting at principles at all in politics when we find parties justifying their divergent views by appeal to precisely the same standard. Most Liberals and Radicals in England would appeal to Christianity as the test of their position as Lord Hugh appeals to it for Conservatism. It seems to follow that either one party or the other or both do not know what Christianity is, or that Christianity has nothing to do with either, or that there is no real difference between the two parties; and, if so, what is all the fuss about? It is just the desire to give themselves some rational excuse for all the fuss that makes the finer spirits in practical politics think about political theory at all. They live and labour in prodigious sound and fury, and they do not like to be content with the explanation that two men, or more, want the same thing—the seat in Parliament—that voters are men and men are much moved by tradition, association, and the love of a fight. They try rather to discover a real abiding difference between the parties. It is not pleasant to think that with all your "sæva indignatio" you are just a wheel in a machine. Representative government cannot work without parties; parties are useless if they do not oppose one another; therefore they do oppose one another. Fortunately for the rational candidate they generally are really opposed on some question of the hour. So he is not a mere wheel after all.

Mere conservatism obviously has nothing to do with principle, for it will approve and support contradictory policies, and will alternatively oppose and support the same policy. The mere conservative opposes a change; the change becomes the established order: the mere conservative supports it; and opposes the next change. Nor can the conservative mind be the common denominator of the party as against the Liberals. It has been well observed how often violent Radicals are most conservative in daily life and amongst Conservatives men with the innovating temper are as common as blackberries. Woman suffrage, the profoundest revolution ever proposed, is neither universally condemned by Conservatives nor backed by Radicals. Neither does the observance of sanctity of property, which is probably common to all Conservatives, spring from conservatism; for its motive is not to keep what is but what is his. Possibly the difference between have and have not may be called a principle. That acute political critic, Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, would have the Unionist party make regard for property its only principle—an intelligible standpoint, for it does mark a difference between parties, and is common to almost all Conservatives. But in present circumstances it must destroy the party altogether. Our position would be this: we are Conservatives only because we have property and want to conserve it; to which comes the answer, We have not property but we want to have it. We are much more numerous than you, and only heads count; so you are out for ever. If preservation of property is to be the whole Conservative duty we can see no escape from this result.

Lord Hugh Cecil escapes this disaster by his appeal to religion in defence of the Church. That is a very strong appeal to very many have-nots, and prevents the party position sinking into mere materialism; to which we must say Lord Hugh's conception of property and its attendant rights, standing by itself, would lead. He acutely enough exposes the non-morality of the claim set up by Radicals against the rich; it is the very position of the purely selfish rich man reversed. But he proves much more: he proves that there is

no moral side to the ownership of property, no moral side to trade. There cannot be any such thing as a fair wage, or a fair day's work; no such thing as a real value; there can only be the value of the market place; in earnings no element of merit—the quality of the work done—can come in at all. If all these propositions are true, it is obvious that the conception of duty must be ruled out of a vast tract in everyday life. Lord Hugh seems to see this, and meets it by a higher appeal to employer and employed as Christians, but not as master and man. As an act of grace either may strike a less hard bargain than he could; it cannot be a duty. We do not accept Lord Hugh's conclusions. He shows the difficulty of obtaining a criterion of a fair wage, etc., but he does not show it is impossible; nor if it were impossible, must the ideal necessarily be abandoned. Many Christian ideals are impossible of fulfilment in this world; and Lord Hugh's appeal all through is to Christianity. He points out that worse work is often, perhaps usually, better rewarded than better; and very rightly he cites authorship in point. It is true, but equally true that it "hadn't ought to be". The truth is, Lord Hugh is caught in a difficulty between his individualism and his Toryism. He is a strong King's man, a strong Churchman, a stern believer in authority; so far an historic Tory; but he is also an individualist, and does not like Trade Boards Acts and other State interference with political economy. He would prove that the State should not, or rather cannot, care for any of these things; and the suggestion is that this is the Conservative view. But he fails entirely to support this either by the admitted character of historic Toryism or on any philosophical conservative ground. We fully admit that it is equally impossible to show that a Conservative must as such be in favour of this sort of State interference. One cannot make a principle of it either way. The Tories were mainly not individualists; on the other hand an increasing number of Unionists are; but not because they are Unionists. Unionism, being a cohesive centripetal force, necessarily opposes individualism, however innocent of the fact Unionists may be. Unionism agrees with Toryism, which was also centripetal; resting not on the many, not on individual liberty, but on the few who were a repository of authority, executing the will of the one, the Sovereign, who received his authority from the still higher One, God. Right or wrong, that is an intelligible political conception, and even now the idea of authority is the nearest to a common denominator of all the sorts and conditions of Conservatives. It breaks down, of course, on practical application, but not so badly as any other principle claimed for the Unionist party.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING AND THE MODERN WORLD.

"A History of the Modern World." By Oscar Browning. Two vols. London: Cassell. 1912. 21s. net.

MR. BROWNING is evidently a believer in Goethe's maxim that the only way to accomplish great things is to act as if one were to live for ever. This courageous attitude enabled the author of the aphorism to give the finishing touches to "Faust" after his eightieth year, while it has encouraged Mr. Browning, after his retirement from Cambridge, to begin and complete a history of the world from the Battle of Waterloo to the present day. This alone is a considerable achievement for a man well on the seventies, and an agreeable feature of the work is the unflinching optimism with which Mr. Browning regards life and the progress of mankind. He ventures on the ground of contemporary events, so often avoided by the historian, with no hesitating step. Several of our leading statesmen have been his pupils, and he has conversed on easy terms with a horde of distinguished people abroad and at home. Vulgar prejudice has therefore no part in his criticism, and his judgment of events is that of the easy-going, tolerant, well-informed man of the world. Though a sound Radical, he always has a good word for his opponents, at least for those

who have been at Eton. We are not surprised to learn that Mr. Lloyd George is "a man of consummate genius and the highest character", but at the same time Mr. A. Balfour is "a paragon of knightly virtue, whom to know was to love and to love was to admire", while Mr. A. Lyttelton is "a man of vigorous and refined intellect". We learn of the "outset of Asquith's distinguished career", and on one occasion of his "statesmanship"; but the present Prime Minister evidently does not excite the glowing muse of the historian like his predecessor. We are told that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "invited the good will and secured the admiration of his country, the Colonies and the world". Who can deny that a country endowed with such a succession of rulers has been fortunate indeed? What more could be said for a Chatham, a Pitt or a Walpole? Very occasionally Mr. Browning falls short in eulogy, for to speak of Cairns as "a dignified and even majestic lawyer who was something also of a statesman" is a very inadequate description of one of the greatest lawyers and most distinguished Chancellors that ever adorned the Woolsack.

Mr. Browning has however produced an agreeable and gentlemanlike book which will offend nobody. It makes easy and pleasant reading and is intended not for the deeply-read few but for the hurried many. It is a pity therefore that the volumes are of so awkward and unwieldy a "format". Covering so vast a space of time crowded with so many stirring events a writer must compress his views on each occurrence into a small space, the resulting statement is often disputable; but Mr. Browning will not often shock current opinion. Mr. Gladstone is now openly eulogised by those who wish to contrast his successors with him unfavourably. The Nonconformist community will however hardly agree with him that Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry perished because "it was too good for the age and the circumstances with which it had to deal". Nor do we think that it is just criticism to speak of Lord Salisbury's famous Circular on the Treaty of San Stefano as "based upon ignorance and prejudice, a discreditable event in British history". Here is a rare instance of the prejudice of the old political warrior swamping the debonaire suavity of his usual attitude. In dealing with foreign affairs the writer marshals a wide range of facts with considerable skill and knowledge. His attitude is always that of an advanced Liberal. It is, however, only fair to note that when treating of Russia and her rulers he speaks with a knowledge and sympathy in agreeable contrast to the prejudiced venom of his fellow Radicals.

Mr. Browning adopts, properly enough for his purpose, an easy-flowing narrative style, and rarely breaks into it with deliberate criticism and reflection. When he errs in such matters it is almost always on the side of optimism. He believes that Olympic Games and Esperanto Congresses (?) will diminish or eliminate war.

In what sense except that a career was open to everyone is it true to say that the Great Napoleon's Government was "instinct with the spirit of liberty"? In the same eulogistic mood the writer would have us believe that Palmerston was the equal of "Cromwell, Chatham and Canning", "as bold as but more generous than Wellington". These sweeping generalisations surely require modification! In the same mood we are bidden to regard Edward VII. as the author of much of the policy of his reign. "His first act after his accession was to make a Treaty between Great Britain and the Boers". After this "the first country to which he turned was France". A perusal of Sir Sidney Lee's Life might make Mr. Browning revise some of his views. With regard to Prince Albert and Queen Victoria the author's judgment is sound, and he discriminates equitably between their respective capacities as rulers.

We may point out incidentally that the correct designation of Kaiser Wilhelm is not "Emperor of Germany" (p. 493, vol. ii.), nor was Prince Albert Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University (p. 360, vol. i.). When a second edition is called for Mr. Browning may revise some estimates and correct a few slips.

NIETZSCHE.

"The Young Nietzsche." By Frau Förster-Nietzsche.

Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. London: Heinemann. 1912. 15s. net.

HEINE said of Kant that he had neither a history nor a life. "Rising, coffee-drinking, writing, collegiate lectures, dining, walking—each had its set time . . . What a strange contrast between the outer life of this man and his destructive world-convulsing thoughts!" Nature had intended Kant "to weigh out sugar and coffee". The sneer aimed at other of the Germans besides Kant would probably hit the mark; and Nietzsche, who admired Heine in his anti-German period—the period of his most notorious books, and in which he is supposed to have reached his definitive thought—must have often smacked his lips over this passage from "De l'Allemagne depuis Luther". The portrait he drew of himself in "Ecce Homo" and in his autobiographical remains is clearly designed to warn posterity against confounding him with the race of the Kants and Schopenhauers. "Their thoughts", he once wrote, "do not constitute a passionate history of the soul"; and as a daring spiritual adventurer he compared himself with a Captain Cook or a Columbus. "I was born", he told Brandes, "on the battlefield of Lützen; by instinct I am a brave animal, a warrior"; "every man", he told his sister, "should be a soldier, and every woman a soldier's wife—in some sense". It was not altogether pose. Nietzsche is a valiant figure amongst philosophers, an intrepid explorer in the realm of thought who might be the subject of a great biography. He had a history and a life, and cannot be conceived of as weighing out sugar and coffee—so much one says at once and without thinking of the fact that he happened to serve as an ambulancier in the Franco-Prussian war. His remarkable and unhappy friendships with many remarkable men and women—metaphysical romances they have been termed—compose in themselves a story of engrossing interest. In "Ecce Homo" Nietzsche represents himself as a man not knowing for an instant the common light of common day. "Why I am so Prudent", "Why I am so wise", "Why I have written such good Books", "Why I am a Fatality"—these are the titles of some of the chapters. We must not forget that he was then on the verge of madness. Yet the view of Nietzsche as a prophet in a nightmare has been exclusively studied by most of those who have attempted his portrait. On the other hand Frau Förster-Nietzsche, proud as she is of her brother, sees him perhaps from a too homely and commonplace aspect. The book before us—an abridgment of the official biography—opens with a tender sketch of an upright family of Lutherans. The father (a pastor), the mother, and two "dear grand-aunts" sit around the hearth; Fritz, the future "aristocratic moralist" and "good European", is reared in this atmosphere of thoroughly German virtue. Frau Förster-Nietzsche's work, we at once perceive, is solely inspired by sisterly piety; for her the most interesting thing about Nietzsche is the circumstance that he was a Nietzsche. She may be right. In fact, the good bourgeois qualities bred in Nietzsche's bone were never eradicated from his system, and his sister does very right to emphasise the fact, however much it may bewilder the half-educated sycophants of Nietzscheism who move, as they put it, in the "most intellectual and aristocratically minded circles": How is it, Frau Förster-Nietzsche asks, that Friedrich Nietzsche, "who denied our moral values . . . himself fulfilled all the most lofty and subtle demands made by the morality now practised among us"? It is a pertinent question. As a child "Fritz" was pious and remarkably precocious; "from the years 1845-58", says another writer, "a little dabbling in poetry, a good deal of serious work in music and a careful consideration of those problems to which later his life was to be given"—this, though Nietzsche was born in 1844, is a pardonable exaggeration. "I should be glad", observes his sister, "if I were able to describe

any mad pranks or misbehaviour of any sort. But I can remember nothing". Two aberrations only are recorded in these pages. Whilst living with his sister at Basle, at the time when his health was beginning to give way, but before he had actually resigned his professorship in the University, Nietzsche, on the strength of a few days' acquaintance and a four hours' walk in Geneva, proposed marriage to a young Dutch girl who was an ardent admirer of Longfellow's poetry. And once, when a student at Bonn, he got drunk.

The book describes only the first thirty-two years of Nietzsche's life. "The man who speaks here is the first Nietzsche, the friend of Richard Wagner . . . the young hopeful and trustful Nietzsche who, with a colossal hope in his ideals and his friends, marched courageously towards the future." This is Nietzsche, the University Professor, the mystic, the perfect Wagnerite. In a second volume, "The Lonely Nietzsche", Frau Förster-Nietzsche will relate her brother's subsequent fortunes. She pauses at the critical point of the narrative. Nietzsche's rupture with Wagner corresponds with the breakdown of his health, his retirement from his professional duties, and his retraction of the æsthetic ideal of his youth that had found expression in "The Birth of Tragedy". In Frau Förster-Nietzsche's life, as in all the others, we are assured that there were no personal grounds for the historic, one-sided quarrel to which Nietzsche was to attribute his later tragic development. We must, then, take his own word for it that he fled from Wagner and his beautiful souls merely for the sake of his mental freedom, and that he might attack at his ease all the idols of his youth—pessimistic idealism, Schopenhauerian metaphysics, German Romanticism as personified in the magician of Bayreuth. His emancipation was apparent rather than real, and his realisation of this perhaps embittered him the more, and may account for his final unheard-of fury in the "Case of Wagner" and for those maniacal attacks upon Christianity which gave him an easy notoriety. Under the influence of Hobbes and the French and English masters he wrote, in certain intervals, some calm and comparatively rational books; but subconsciously he remained a German Romantic, and those conceptions of his that have taken the popular fancy, "The Eternal Return" and "The Superman", and which belong to the second period, must have proceeded from a veritable debauch of the imagination, and make, like his proclamation of himself as the creator of a new religion, a case for pathological inquiry. The ex-professor who wandered helplessly between Nice, Venice, and Sils-Maria, suffering endless tortures, moral and physical, his mental equilibrium threatened, who considered himself a satyr and hoped people might not read his books—this "lonely Nietzsche" is an absorbing study for the psychologist and the pathologist alike. Of the young and happy Nietzsche there is less to be said. We see in these pages an engaging personality, a youth with a high sense of his vocation, but not without sentimentality, whose promise was in a sense never fulfilled. "They make of me a subject of conversation", said the "second" Nietzsche, "that disgusts me". Who indeed could have guessed that the author of "The Birth of Tragedy" and the delicate and scholarly early essays would achieve a reputation in which there is so much of the merely vulgar and scandalous?

A DICTIONARY OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

"The Prayer Book Dictionary." Edited by Canon George Harford and Canon Morley Stevenson. London: Pitman. 1912. 25s.

IT is somewhat surprising that we should have waited so long for any substantial Dictionary of the English Prayer Book—for a book that could take its position beside Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible. In no other branch of the Church, and in no religious body outside the Church is there any one book which has the same place in the hearts of the people as that which the Prayer Book has made for itself in the hearts

of English Churchmen. And yet it would be true to say, even of the man of fair education, that he knows almost nothing about it. It seems to be characteristic of the English mind to regard religion as the one thing a man can know without learning, and to ignore the essential connexion between accurate knowledge and effective service. As a result, no instruction about the Prayer Book is given to children at home, and even in some of the best known schools the tendency is to be content with the moralities of the Gospel, and to ignore the great doctrinal verities which are the only permanent basis of Christian morals.

The question of revision has brought the Prayer Book into fresh prominence of late, and has given importance to facts in its history which are little known. The issue of the "Prayer Book Dictionary" is well timed, and there is little that even a specialist will wish to know that may not be found in it. It is a large volume, more an encyclopædia than a dictionary, covering almost everything that throws light on the history, structure and meaning of the Prayer Book. For example, we take the first heading in the appendix at the end of the book, where the articles are indexed in Prayer Book order. "Administration and Law" is divided into eight sections, dealing with Church History, Church Polity, Persons, Church Law, Jurisdiction, Church Finance, Areas and Buildings, Corporations—every section containing from fifteen to thirty-five articles. Every article is signed, and we share the satisfaction expressed by the Bishop of Liverpool in the Preface, that at a time when the claims of social work are so insistently pressed on the clergy, and when the English Church is not always credited with superabundant learning, so many men—and largely young men—should be found who have given themselves to strenuous study and are prepared to serve the Church with their pen.

It is impossible to produce a book of this kind that would please everybody. A glance at the list of contributors shows at least that there is no party bias, though perhaps the general tone reflects the views of the progressive and intellectual wing of the Evangelicals rather than those of the extreme High Church party. We have in peaceful juxtaposition men of such divergent views as the Rev. T. A. Lacey and the Dean of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham and the Rev. G. E. Sampson of the Community of the Resurrection, Professor Driver and Dr. Eugene Stock. Every writer has been allowed complete freedom, and frequently we have two articles on the same subject written from different standpoints. On the Ornaments Rubric, for instance, we have an article by Provost Vernon Staley, an exhaustive essay by Canon Harford, followed by notes by the Editor. Lord Hugh Cecil deals with the vexed question of Church franchise; his statement is a model of clearness, but he concludes that the question cannot even now be regarded as settled. Dr. Gee, Master of University College, Durham, was set the task of compressing the history of the Prayer Book into a dozen pages. His special knowledge of the events and the temper of the sixteenth century has produced a really illuminating article and one that is pleasant reading withal. It was hardly necessary to have an article on the Incarnation; all that was needed would come under "Christmas" or "Annunciation", but if there was to be separate treatment it should have been adequate, such as the Bishop of Oxford or Canon Streatfeild would have made it. In most of the articles we have examined the work is scholarly and the scope wider than might fairly be demanded. In the case of the Collects and the Thirty-nine Articles the Latin texts have been given with careful notes on the various readings, and an elaborate table is affixed to the article on the Canons, illustrating the dependence of the Canons of 1604 upon previous documents. Generally the aim has been to present fairly all the data involved, and to view the subject from an objective and historical standpoint: when opinions are given, the grounds upon which others have based different conclusions are fairly set forth. The book will certainly do much to bring the results of recent research

within the reach of those who have neither the time nor the training for independent original work, and tend to dissipate the misunderstanding—so often born of ignorance—which keeps many outside the Church from profiting by the great English Book of Devotion.

THE ANCIENT KELTS.

"The Religion of the Ancient Celts." By J. A. MacCulloch. Edinburgh: Clark. 1911. 10s. net.

THOUGH there are in these islands well-defined and localised survivals of the great race which once peopled a large part of Europe, it cannot be said that Keltic studies have been worthily carried on among us. This must mainly be set down to political circumstances; but these studies have suffered, too, from the literary writers to whom only the æsthetic side has appealed. They have invented a vague something called the "Keltic spirit", and have made the Kelt to say and think what they thought he "ought" to say and think. Comparatively little work has been given to reconstructing the true Keltic culture. Most of the valuable and lasting results are due to foreign scholars. The book now before us will do a great deal to remove this reproach from British learning. Canon MacCulloch has assimilated much of the method and standpoint of ethnology; and his work has a permanent value. He brings to bear the light given by modern folk-survivals and the comparative method; and he reads the various kinds of evidence in connexion with one another so as to draw from them the surest conclusions. In the result he has often to disagree with Professor Rhys and his mythological interpretation of the legends; but it is from this very "mythological" school that Keltic studies have too long suffered, with its obsession of "nature-myths".

The sources for reconstructing early Keltic history are few compared with those we have for Egypt and Babylonia. There are the references in the classical writers, dedication-inscriptions in Romano-Keltic areas to assimilated Keltic gods, and coins. In Ireland, too, there is a mass of eleventh and twelfth century MSS., in which many ancient myths are embedded; and early ecclesiastical documents, from which much may be gathered of the pre-Christian beliefs. Then we have the evidence of folklore and folk-custom; that is, of survivals from an earlier age. The only material remains are the burial-mounds. This mass of evidence must be read as a whole: to take any one class of evidence by itself is to fall into unstable extravagances. Here it is that some knowledge of ethnological methods is essential; for the ethnologist is accustomed to dealing with relatively primitive peoples whose culture has to be apprehended more or less as a whole, each department being more closely bound up with the others than in the case of more highly developed races.

The author shows us that there is no such thing as a "pure" Keltic race: indeed the term "pure" applied to a race has in ethnology hardly any meaning. Again, because some rite or belief among the Kelts is "un-Aryan", to say therefore that it is borrowed is not justified: for it may come from a still earlier stage in Keltic culture. Moreover, the term "Aryan" denotes a gap in our knowledge, rather than any defined group.

The Kelt as he is to-day, and as he is in the witness of the past, is of various physical types. To say, with Canon MacCulloch, that to all of these there is a common character and temperament means no more than that we have little or no knowledge of their psychology; for we cannot but conclude that the physical differences were accompanied by psychological variation. The Kelt of to-day is but the remnant of a race which once covered all Europe, and must have been made up of many differing peoples about whose earlier home, and the time of their arrival in Europe, we know hardly anything.

So far as can be seen the earliest aspect of Keltic religion was a worship of nature-spirits; and probably there was totemism. These vague spirits grew in time

(Continued on page 120.)

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to be gods and goddesses. Most of these gods were local, each tribe having its own set: but some of them had a wider-spread worship owing to a given tribe winning a predominance over its neighbours. In one list of inscriptions from historical times in Gaul nearly three hundred and fifty names of gods have been collected. With the coming of the Romans many of them were assimilated to Roman gods, especially Mercury and Apollo. That several of these Celtic gods are found assimilated in each case to the same Roman name shows that the various names are only local terms for a small number of personages. That at any rate among the learned the final stage of simplification—namely, monotheism—had been reached is rendered highly probable by the eager acceptance of Christianity among the Kelts. But the monotheistic faith must have been held by only a small body, not by the generality.

"HOW 'T WAS."

"How 'Twas." By Stephen Reynolds. London: Macmillan. 1912. 6s.

THE author gives, in a note, the names of the periodicals in which his tales and sketches have appeared, but even without the names it is easy to realise that a great range of appetite would be required for their consumption, and that it would be impossible to conceive a taste which could commend them all. Mr. Reynolds has specialised in the coast life of Devon: he has lived it, and writes of it, despite his intimacy, with a sense of perspective. But his intimacy seems somewhat to have dulled his sense, which one suspects of being none too acute, of the relative value of incident. Many of his stories are extremely thin; some in spiritual and some in actual texture.

The lightest of them all, "Another Prodigal", has, however, a quality of utterance which is of more importance than the characters of its material, and makes it perhaps the most memorable of the beach studies. They try to achieve a simplicity of intention that would put dramatic cogency out of place, yet some of them might have gained, not so much from a keener sense of drama, but from an ability to present it a little less obviously without sacrifice of plainness. These beach studies are all in dialect; it is not an attractive dialect, but is a good deal nearer reality than what passes popularly as Devonian. Actual identity in reporting dialect is very difficult to attain, and often, when attained, is quite unsuitable for its purpose in fiction. On his own beach Mr. Reynolds is most successful when he seems least inventive. His comedy, as in "Benjie and the Bogey Man", is not too successful, and one cannot but feel that "An Unofficial Divorce", excellent though it be, suffers somewhat in the telling. Off his own beach the author is a much more uncertain performer; his sense of artistic fitness seems to fail him, and he is capable of perpetrating "Dear Papa's Love Story" and "A Marriage of Learning"—curiously stuffy domesticities after the clear breeze of the shore, the commonplace "Log of the Bristol Beauty" and "Mrs. Tripp's Flutter". Yet this section includes, in "A Love's Hunger", a piece of work quite remarkable in its conception and terseness of execution.

In the second part of the book, called "Kids and Cats", the cats are better than the kids; the author seems to be on closer and more comprehending terms with them; and when the two are blended, as they so often must be, the preponderance of cat seems to make for virtue. Good is the story of the little girl drowning the kittens, confident that her crime could not matter, since, she declared, "Tib 'll lay another one"; but better is the author's account, in "A Kitten: that's all!" of his own part in another drowning; a slight enough sketch, but with suggestions in it of unplumbed possibilities. "Those who find pleasure in exchanging their affection for a promise to repay, and are satisfied to let the debt run on, are born lovers of cats", he declares, and, from the keenness and fondness of his memory for a wide variety of the species, one can

credit the statement that several of the milestones of his life were shaped curiously like cats, and accept his claim to be a freeman among their citizenry. But it is in the "Short Travels", with which the book concludes, that we have work quite distinctive and with a strong personal quality, and yet, here again, it is but one piece in half a dozen which has the right instinct, which is distinguished by just that strangeness and sureness of touch which goes with a masterpiece. "A Third Class Journey" is the plainest account of commonplace travel which could be conceived, but nothing is seen in it which is not significant. If Mr. Stephen Reynolds is conscious of the level at which he can work, he should teach himself discontent with the lower planes on which he spends far too many moments. It is probable that he has still to discover his own abilities. When he can do that he ought to be able to leave the greater part of this book a long way behind him.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

For some years now the "Quarterly" has given the names of most of its contributors: the "Edinburgh", under its new editor, does the same. The day of anonymity for all save editorial articles apparently is past, which means that the day for editors is past, too. The quarterlies have now both brought themselves into line with the vulgar monthlies, and the world is permitted to know that Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Francis Gribble, and Mr. J. O. P. Bland contribute to the "Edinburgh", and Mr. Henry James, Madame Duclaux, and Mr. George Calderon to the "Quarterly", the Rev. Alfred Fawkes honouring both. In the "Edinburgh", an excellent number, we have an article on India and its Sovereign, in which an attempt is made to appraise at its full value "the King's extraordinary achievement" during his visit to India. The editor himself deals with contemporary politics in an article in which he entirely misinterprets and misrepresents Conservatism. He thinks that large numbers of the poorer classes who used to support the Conservative party have now transferred their allegiance, not to the Liberals, but to the Labour party. The present Unionist party, he says, is in a hopeless position, because it has abandoned its own principles, and he submits that if it wishes to recover its position it must take steps to remove the widespread impression that its guiding spirits are a group of young men whose only political principle is the attainment of office for themselves. "For the true Conservative there is", he urges, "at present a magnificent opportunity"; it lies apparently in leading "a revolt against the new tyranny of democratic despotism" and in the abandonment of Tariff Reform. The editor of the "Edinburgh" has yet to learn that the revolt is already in evidence and that Tariff Reform will consummate its success. His view of Conservatism is, of course, the reflex of his own decayed economic. In the "Quarterly" there is an article on "The Tripolitan War" by Mr. G. F. Abbott, and on "Airships and Aeroplanes" by Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman, the first a little too technical for the general reader, the second a useful account of what the Italians have or have not done in Tripoli.

Home Rule finds strenuous opponents in both the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly". The "Edinburgh" takes the question mainly on the economic side, shows what it will cost Ireland and England, and concludes that "the men who have prated so loudly of 'Ireland a nation' are not now ashamed to proclaim Ireland a pauper". Ireland, the "Edinburgh" estimates, will want five and a half millions a year from the Imperial Exchequer. The "Quarterly" is convinced that the Home Rule Bill, if it became law, would undo all the good work of recent years, from which "peace, plenty, and prosperity" have sprung. As for the measure itself, it is "a labyrinth of intricate and complicated provisions. It attempts to combine in a rococo constitution a compromise of incompatible principles. As a scheme of government it is unexampled. Constitutional and financial innovations unknown to the British or any other people are embodied in its clauses. The teachings of English, Irish, and Colonial history are forgotten by its authors, while the existing political and social conditions of Ireland are ignored. It purports to be a Bill for the government of Ireland, while in reality it creates a new Constitution for the British Islands. This new Constitution is not Federal and is not Unitary. It makes the Union unworkable and Federalism impossible. And Irish finance is to be jeopardised, Ireland's economic development arrested, and her relations with Great Britain embittered for so novel and revolutionary a measure."

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TWELVE MONTHS' PROGRESS.

THE Eleventh Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the members of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, was held on Tuesday, Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart. (Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. W. Bretherton) having read the notices, The Chairman said: "Once again it is my privilege to address an annual meeting of this Company—the eleventh consecutive occasion since first this pleasure was afforded me in my capacity of Chairman of your board of directors—and once again I am in the pleasant position to approach you with an optimism born of success, for I think I may fairly claim for the report which is in your hands that this eleventh year since the formation of our Company, which I am about to pass under a short review, is, if not among the most successful years in its history, at any rate among the really promising years, for it is one which renders a good account not only of a past year's satisfactory trading, but which gives every indication of a continuation of the forward stride which the last three years of its business have steadily exhibited. What, to my mind, is one of the most encouraging features of the year's results is the fact that the most considerable increase that has to be recorded is in connection with the original department upon which the fame of Raphael House has grown up, and which has not only been maintained, but has strengthened ever since—I refer to the Christmas and New Year card department; and it surely is a gratifying factor that, in spite of the high records set up by us during past years in this our premier department, it should, at the end of forty years and more, still prove so vigorous a character as to show during the last twelve months a further substantial increase, and this not merely in the turnover, but in the actual net profits realised. A gratifying proof of this that a "Raphael Tuck Christmas or New Year card" is to-day as fully appreciated in every part of the world as it ever has been since the founding of the business. Connected with this department are the greeting and other cards for birthday, Easter, wedding, menus, etc., for which the demand continues unabated, while the importance of our picture postcards, better known as Tuck's postcards, necessitates a separate department being entirely devoted to these productions. Picture postcards have settled down into a sure, steady trade, fostered and increased to a considerable extent by Tuck's postcard exchange register, the only one among many postcard exchanges which has survived, and in which appear periodically the names of some 2000 of the latest collectors of Tuck's postcards in every part of the inhabited globe, with whom anybody—anywhere—may exchange Tuck's postcards, a privilege of which hundreds of thousands of folks avail themselves all the year round. A better proof of the survival of the fittest and of the universal acceptance of Tuck's postcards as the standard postcards of the world can scarcely be given. Another specially satisfactory feature of our trading results is that the increased profits have been contributed to in their due proportion by our branches in Berlin and Paris, and by the expansion in our overseas trade. You will be pleased to learn that the new collections shown by our various departments for the current year have already been received with marked favour, while the comprehensive motto we have adopted for this year's announcement notifying our new productions is voted as most appropriate and amply justified. That motto, ladies and gentlemen, is "From Pole to Pole!" I fully recognise that what was at Raphael House, who are responsible for these new collections, may not be altogether impartial judges of their merits, but the opinions of less biased critics, such as the editors of some of our important trade journals, may fairly be accepted as "Vox populi." Now, a word with regard to the organisation and inner working of the business. It has probably been a matter of surprise to some of our shareholders that the post of director left vacant by the lamented death of my brother Herman, nearly three years ago, has remained unfilled ever since. Perhaps we have been extra cautious with regard to this position, which, in our opinion, carries with it responsibilities of a high order; but until we felt sure of our ground and could bring forward someone whose experience of the inner working of the business went hand in hand with the possession of ability and sound judgment calculated to ensure continuity and progress, we preferred to leave the position vacant. I am glad to say, however, that with the hour has come forward the man, and this in the person of my son Desmond, who has now served the Company in various capacities and departments for some five years—that is, ever since he left college. He is, in the opinion of all the members of your directorate, well fitted to take his place on the board, and this infusion of new blood into our somewhat matured body will, I am sure, commend itself to you all. You will be pleased to have the report of another important step in the direction of still further strengthening the management of your Company, and this by the recent creation of an advisory committee drawn from among the principal men in our various departments, to assist the directors at specially held weekly meetings with their opinions, their suggestions, their criticism, and their advice. This advisory committee came into being on 1 July, and the weekly meetings held since that date have convinced us that no better move for the continuance of the policy which has made this business what it is could possibly have been instituted.

Having reviewed the liquid or immediately realisable assets of the Company, amounting to £363,451 17s. 3d., to which has to be added copyrights, patents, goodwill, &c., £240,732 4s. 11d., the Chairman concluded: "I now come to the usual 'ladies' postscript,' which, as you know, generally contains the gist, that is, the most interesting portion of the communication—in our case the division of profits. The net profit realised during the past year by the Company amounts to £36,483 14s. 9d. Add to this the balance brought forward from last year, £5771 5s. 1d., and we have a net total of £42,259 19s. 10d. to deal with. Out of this the Preference dividend of 5½ per cent. already paid amounts to £13,750, while the interim dividend of 5 per cent. for the half-year totals £6250. Directors' remuneration absorbs only a modest £3,000, leaving the net sum of £19,259 19s. 10d. to be dealt with. Out of this it is proposed to pay a dividend of 7 per cent. for the half-year, making, with the interim dividend already paid, 6 per cent. for the year. This disposes of £3750, while it is proposed that the sum of £5000 be transferred to the general reserve account, leaving £5509 19s. 10d. to be carried forward to next year. If you endorse these recommendations your reserves will stand as follows: Capital reserve account, £8845 5s. 2d.; special dividend reserve account, £36,485 10s. 6d.; general reserve account, £40,000; or a total of £85,340 15s. 8d., against £79,342 15s. 3d. last year, or an excess of £6000, all but £2, over last year. I venture to compliment you, ladies and gentlemen, upon the result of the year's working, and beg leave to move the adoption of the report.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in seconding the resolution, said: "During all the ten years that I have been connected as a director with this Company—that is, from the very beginning of the Company—I can truly say that I have never felt so absolutely satisfied with the strength of its position and with its future as I do at the present moment. It is no wonder Consols are falling when you can buy Tuck's Preference shares at par, for really, if you look at our reserves and consider the security which the buyer of those shares has, I do not think one can conceive a better investment at 5½ per cent. than they are. Our year ends, as you know, at the end of April, so that we have already had time—some two and a half months—in which to see what progress our business is making now, and I am not, I think, revealing any secret of the directorate when I say that the business has shown a marked increase.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and other formal business having been done, the proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman.

AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN INVESTMENT.

LAND IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the African and European Investment Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, Mr. C. F. Rowell presiding.

The Manager and Secretary (Mr. A. D. Owen) having read the notices, The Chairman reminded the shareholders that that was the first meeting of the Company which had been held in London, previous meetings having been held in Johannesburg. A short time ago there was very considerable agitation going on with reference to the question of meetings being held in Johannesburg of companies whose main body of shareholders was resident in Europe; and the Board, after giving the matter their most careful consideration, felt that there were good grounds for that agitation. The directors were very anxious to meet the shareholders as freely as possible, and they had therefore decided to adopt the policy of holding London meetings in future. Turning to the balance sheet, the figures were considerably altered from those of the previous year, because during the period under review resolutions were passed for the reduction of the capital, in order to enable the Board to write off the somewhat severe losses which had been sustained during the last few years. The balance sheet gave effect to the reduction of capital; and the Board were now satisfied that the assets had been written down to a figure which was fully justified by their intrinsic merits. Dealing with the interest of the Company in the Vereeniging Estates, it had, he said, an issued capital of £30,580 and a Debenture issue of £350,000, which latter was now entirely held by this Company. The Vereeniging Estates property consisted of 126,230 acres of freehold land, situated in what was practically a compact block on either side of the Vaal River. It owned virtually the whole of the township of Vereeniging, while nearly all its land was situated on a great coalfield. At the present moment the Company was operating a coal mine, from which over 25,000 tons of coal per month was being produced; and it was intended—within the next few months, they hoped—to increase that to from 30,000 to 40,000 tons of coal per month. He then turned to what he said he considered their greatest asset—namely, the land—and reminded them that the total acreage which the Company owned was equivalent to 1,270,183 English acres, of which approximately 250,180 English acres were situated in British Bechuanaland, the majority of it being in one large block on the southern bank of the Molopo River. These farms were actually owned by the Bechuanaland Farms, Limited, all the shares of this subsidiary company, however, belonging to their own Company. A complete and far-reaching change had occurred with regard to land in the Transvaal, regarding it purely from the agricultural point of view; and he could not help thinking that the European investor was inclined to overlook the immense progress now going on. In 1906—only seven years ago—the total value of imports of articles connected with agricultural products into the Transvaal was £3,542,362, whilst exports were £456,698. In 1909 (the last year for which statistics were available) similar imports were £3,994,834, whilst exports were £918,945—an increase in exports of nearly 100 per cent. Referring to the rising value of land, he said: "If one were to judge by the market prices of the shares of African land companies, one would naturally assume that, although all this may be true with reference to the general prosperity and advance of the agricultural interests of the Transvaal, for some extraordinary reason the value of land had not risen, nor the demand for it increased in consequence of the great changes which are undeniably taking place. Anyone, however, who has followed with care what is going on in South Africa in connection with land is fully aware that, on the contrary, land is every day increasing steadily in value in sympathy with an ever-growing demand; and not only are farms changing hands at greatly enhanced prices, but also much better rentals are being secured for such farms as are being let rather than sold. Experience of land companies in other countries shows, however, that the effect of an improvement such as in this instance is not fully felt by the land companies immediately. The progress is hardly visible for a time, but suddenly the great improvement becomes manifest. For the past few years we have been going through this period of progress and development, and I for one feel assured that the time is now very rapidly approaching when its full effects upon the prospects of the great land companies will be felt. When this comes it will then no longer be a question of valuing the land of such companies at a purely nominal figure, despite the fact that the market value of such land is steadily improving all the while. On the other hand, the probability is that the usual result will follow, and the shares of companies owning large areas of land will go to prices even greater than are really justified by the intrinsic value of the property held. I could easily give you a number of illustrations of the high prices which are now being secured for land in the Transvaal, but, as any particular instances I might quote might easily be considered as being due to some special and local cause, I will content myself with saying that the improvement which is noticeable is general throughout the country, while, of course, in some particular instances, owing to irrigation and other progressive work carried out, the prices secured have been remarkably high." They had now entered upon a more active policy in connection with the improvement of their lands; and already they were securing a better class of tenant for their farms and were obtaining an increasing revenue from them. At the same time, it was obvious that before the land companies could expect to fully benefit by the great improvement which was taking place, the general spread of prosperity amongst the owning and the working farmers must have reached a point when it would attract newcomers to the Transvaal. That that condition of affairs was now arising was perfectly clear; and he felt confident that year after year he would have the pleasure of placing before them particulars of a more and more satisfactory revenue derived from their extensive land-holdings. He also mentioned their interests on the Eastern Rand. They were large shareholders in the East Rand Mining Estates, Limited, and the East Rand Extension Gold Mining Company, Limited, and the Board trusted that, with improving conditions, it might be possible before long to turn these interests to very profitable account.

Mr. J. B. Hilliard seconded the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts, which was carried unanimously, and the proceedings ended with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

NOTICE.

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RAND MINES, LTD.

At the Annual Meeting of the Rand Mines, Limited, held in Johannesburg on 5 June 1912, the Chairman, Mr. R. W. Schumacher, said: "The net profit for the year under review was £1,117,408; and two dividends, each of 110 per cent., absorbing £1,168,297 5s., have been paid. The balance carried forward amounts to £682,642, as compared with £1,006,398 brought forward at the beginning of 1911. The reduction is largely due to the purchase of investments for cash, in respect of which £271,866 has been appropriated. The total amount paid to shareholders in dividends and bonuses from the inception of the Company up to the end of 1911 amounts to £7,889,755. I referred at some length in my annual address last year to the general policy that we were following, and that we intended to continue to follow with such modifications as might appear desirable from time to time. I stated that we were very hopeful about the future of these fields, about the continuity of the gold reefs, of the reef values, and about the profits to be won. I emphasised the fact, though, that we should have to struggle laboriously to attain the improvements which we felt we could already foresee. We had to go carefully step by step and leave no weak link in the chain of measures that we firmly believed would ultimately command success. We had to begin at the beginning and make our mines safer than they had been. Towards this end we started the important process of sand-filling. We were guarding against possible inrushes of water, and consequent serious stoppage of mining operations, by strengthening and concentrating our underground pumping plants. We were improving the ventilation of the mines and the health conditions of our workers, both white and black. We were carrying out active plans of development and rendering a large number of stope faces available. We were extending the system of single shift underground. We were taking steps to ensure the safety of the main shafts, and were increasing their capacity. We were simplifying and rendering more efficient the methods of handling ore underground and on the surface. We were training white learners in all departments of work. We were, owing to the lack of native labour, extending the use of machine drills, especially of small machines. We were spending large sums of money on the electrification of the mine plants so as to obtain a cheap, ample, and regular supply of electric power and compressed air, for which we had entered with the Rand Mines Power Supply Company into long contracts, of which you were given full details. We were striving for better and more efficient work in all departments. We were paying special attention to the feeding, housing, and general care of all our employees. And I told you that, as a result of our deliberate and sustained efforts, we were bound to improve results. You will now ask me—What have you done in 1911? I will give you the answer. We have only had time to achieve partial success. We have, though, already improved, and, we think, permanently improved, the working conditions of some of our important mines, and these improvements are indicative of further progress that is to follow. At other mines we have not been able to make as rapid an advance; conditions everywhere are not equally favourable, and in some cases more time is required to achieve success than in others; but everywhere the signs are not wanting that we are working on right lines. The Rose Deep increased its profit from £315,276 in 1910 to £349,030 in 1911, in spite of a material decrease in the 'labour supply, and slightly increased dividends are now foreshadowed. The total ore reserves at 31 December 1911 amounted to 3,670,160 tons. Good results should be obtained during the rest of the life of this Company. We own 269,224 Rose Deep Shares. The Village Deep also shows marked improvement. The profit for 1911 amounted to £225,780, as compared with £154,067 in 1910. This is the result of the active policy of development work by which the Village Deep is fast becoming a great mine. The mine is on single shift and is worked with ease. In fact, the mine is in a position to supply a larger tonnage of ore to the mill than it is now doing. An increase in the rate of dividends should take place. We own 114,990 Village Deep shares. The New Modderfontein shows improved results, with a profit of £370,562 for 1911, as compared with £312,958 for 1910. The ore reserves at 30 June 1911 were calculated at 3,452,195 tons of high grade, and development values have since been most satisfactory. The management is now considering the question of gradually concentrating mining operations to as small an area as possible until it commences to work at a single shaft. At present the workings are too scattered. The effect of concentration should be to increase the profits. This mine is also one that, barring untoward events, should not look back. We own 22,670 New Modderfontein shares. As to Modderfontein B Gold Mines, all that I need say is that we have made an excellent start. A dividend at the end of the year is foreshadowed. We own 97,963 Modderfontein B shares. I now turn to the other mines, where a great deal of hard work has been done during the last year or so, but where the profits have not yet shown marked increase. We naturally turn first to the Crown Mines, Limited. The working profits, it is true, have only advanced from £1,200,470 in 1910 to £1,280,767 in 1911, but an immense amount of work has been done to enable the mine to be worked on a larger and more profitable scale. Towards the end of the current year the mine will be fully equipped and in a position to crush economically, and without strain, at the rate of over 200,000 tons per month. The ore reserves of the Crown Mines, Limited, at 31 December last stood at 9,696,900 tons of an average value of 7.2 dwts., exclusive of 427,441 tons which are being left at present as safety pillars in the mine. There are also further 1,250,000 tons fully developed, but not yet valued. An issue of £1,000,000 5 per cent. Debentures is about to be made shortly, and these Debentures will be offered to the public; shareholders of the Crown Mines, Limited, and of the Rand Mines, Limited, will be given preference in the allotments. We have no doubt whatever as to the success of the issue, which we are helping to guarantee. We now hold 852,277 shares in the Crown Mines, Limited, out of the issued capital of 1,880,212 shares. The affairs of this Company have clearly a very important influence on the affairs of the Rand Mines, Limited. I take next the Ferreira Deep, Limited, where the profit of £419,939 for the year ending September 1911 shows an actual decrease as compared with the results of the previous financial year. This mine has been terribly handicapped during the last two years or so owing to the great pressure exercised by the overlying strata. The amalgamation of the Ferreira Deep with the Ferreira Company has recently taken place, and we believe that it will be of benefit to the shareholders in both companies. The present development and general condition of the Ferreira Deep Mine warrants the expectation of improved profits. During the last four months the profit has been as follows: February, £32,588; March, £37,512; April, £40,612; May, £43,017. The ore reserves at 30 September 1911 stood at 1,837,808 of an average value of 6.7 dwts. The Rand Mines, Limited, own 392,383 shares in the Ferreira Deep, Limited, out of the issued capital, which has been increased to £980,000 in £1 shares since the acquisition of the assets of the Ferreira Company. I deal next with the City Deep, Limited, in which we own 192,457 shares out of the issued capital of 1,250,000 £1 shares. The payable ore reserves of the City Deep, Limited, amounted to 2,078,805 tons, of an average value of 8.1 dwts., at 31 December 1911. It is reasonable to expect the declaration of a small dividend at the end of the current year, and shareholders should receive regular and satisfactory distributions thereafter. We think it will be very long before the City Deep takes its proper place among the great mines of the world. At the Nourse Mines, Limited, in which we own 387,583 shares out of the issued capital of 827,821 £1 shares, a programme is being carried out by which underground work will be improved and cheapened. The underlying scheme is to simplify the handling of all ore broken underground, and to concentrate it to one main deep-level shaft. The benefits of this work cannot materialise for some little time, but we confidently look forward to being able to work this mine under more favourable conditions in about eighteen months. The ore reserves of this Company stood at 2,060,706 tons, of an average value of 6.5 dwts., at 31 July 1911. At the Goldenhuis Deep, Limited, in which we own 282,593

shares out of the issued capital of 585,753 £1 shares, we have been having disappointing values in some of the recent development work. The ore reserves of this Company stood at 2,262,840 tons, of an average value of 6.2 dwts., at 31 December 1911, and the affairs of the Company were fully outlined at the annual general meeting held on 29 May. In the Durban Roodepoort Deep, Limited, we own 126,617 shares out of the total issued capital of 440,000 £1 shares. For years this Company has been working under various natural difficulties, and, owing to the narrowness of the South Reef and the unsafe character of the hanging wall, the mine has been forced to rely chiefly on hand labour for ore breaking. It is expected that the condition of the mine will be materially improved by the end of the current year, when the new powerful pumping installation will be completed, and further benefits will be felt when the bulk of the ore broken can be handled on the twelfth level, which will be a main tramming level, and conveyed to the eastern shaft, where all ore is to be concentrated as far as possible. The profit at this mine should become permanently steadier after the close of the current year, and should incline to increase. The ore reserves of this Company stood at 1,288,071 tons of an average of 6.8 dwts., at 31 December 1911. We hold 81,444 shares in the Bantjes Consolidated Mines, Limited, out of the issued capital of 602,306 £1 shares. This is a good mine, and with sufficient native labour it should be possible to earn substantial monthly profits on the basis of the present reduction operations. The ore reserves of this Company stood at 896,087 tons of an average value of 7.3 dwts., on 31 December 1911. I will refer only to the most important company in which we have a large shareholding, but do not control. We own £33,960 of 5 per cent. Debentures and 56,198 shares in the East Rand Proprietary Mines, Limited, out of the total issued capital of 2,445,897 £1 shares. We are satisfied that the present management is good, and as long as development values continue as favourable as they have been there is every reason to expect very satisfactory working results. We trust that shareholders will gradually regain their confidence in this property, for there is no doubt that the backward swing of the pendulum went a little too far. I refer next to the important interests acquired by us in the ground south of the Robinson Deep Gold Mining Company, Limited. We now own 5,222 shares in the Booyens Estate, Limited, out of an issued capital of 35,698 £1 shares; 24,872 shares in the South Deep, Limited, out of an issued capital of 150,000 £1 shares; and 4,230 shares in the Turfontein Estates, Limited, out of an issued capital of 50,000 £1 shares. Having referred in some detail to questions of labour and legislation, the Chairman announced that it was the intention of the board to declare a dividend of 5s. 6d., or 110 per cent., for the half-year ending 30 June, although they had not quite earned it. They consider that their action is quite justified in view of the improved results expected from their companies before very long. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded and agreed to unanimously.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

Dividend No. 18.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Monday, 12 August, 1912, of Dividend No. 18 (110 per cent., i.e., 5s. 6d. per 5s. share), after surrender of Coupon No. 18, at the London Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., to the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris, or to the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to a deduction by the London Office of English income tax at the rate of 1s. 2d. in the pound.

All Coupons presented at the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, Paris, as well as any presented at the London Office for account of holders resident in France, will be subject to a deduction of 1s. 2d. in the pound on account of French transfer duty and French income tax.

All Coupons presented at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels, must be accompanied by affidavits or statutory declarations on forms obtainable from the Company's London Office or from the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, declaring the full name and residence of the owner of the Share Warrants from which such Coupons have been detached.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination, at any of the offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By Order of the Board,

A. MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.,
24 July, 1912.

THE RUBBER WORLD. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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A copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH MERCANTILE & FINANCE

CORPORATION, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

CAPITAL - £1,500,000,

Divided into 1,500,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 400,000 have been already issued.

ISSUE OF 600,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH AT PAR,

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:—

**5s. on Application,
5s. on Allotment,
10s. on 16th September, 1912,**

or the whole may be paid up in full at a discount at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum.

The remaining 500,000 Shares are reserved for future use, and are subject to the options hereinafter mentioned.

Directors.

THE RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Chairman, 9 Egerton Place, London, S.W., Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

THE RIGHT HON. ALFRED LYTELTON, K.C., M.P. (Vice-Chairman), 3 Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E.C.

J. S. HARMOOD BANNER, M.P., 24 North John Street, Liverpool, Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

A. H. S. CRIPPS, J.P., 1 Essex Court, Temple, London, E.C., Barrister-at-law, Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

H. RIMINGTON WILSON, Abberton Manor, Colchester, Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

EDMOND PORGES, E. Porges et Cie., Paris.

J. D. ALEXANDER, 70 Cadogan Square, London, S.W., Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

HERBERT GUEDALLA, F.C.A., 1 Broad Street Place, London, E.C., Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

E. FONTAINE DE LAVELEYE, Banque Fontaine et Cie., Paris, Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

To be elected:

IAN HEATHCOAT AMORY, J.P., Hensley, Tiverton, Devon, Director, Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Ltd.

Bankers.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, 72 Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA, 38 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

BOULTON BROS. & CO., 39 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Solicitors.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Auditors.

BROADS, PATERSON & CO. 1 Walbrook, London, E.C.

Secretary and Registered Offices.

H. E. CARTER, 1 Broad Street Place, London, E.C.

The Corporation has an authorised Capital of £1,500,000, of which £400,000 in £1 Shares are at present issued. £600,000 in £1 Shares are now about to be issued.

The Imperial and Foreign Corporation were approached with a view to their assuming the control of this Corporation. The results of the negotiations which ensued are as follows:—The then existing issued Capital of £500,000 was written down to £400,000 so as to represent the cash value of the assets, the total authorised Capital was increased to £1,500,000, the present Directors were appointed in succession to the late Board and the Imperial and Foreign Corporation guaranteed the issue of 600,000 Shares of £1 each.

The connections of the Corporation, the Shares of which are quoted in London and Paris, are by these arrangements retained, whilst through the connection

of the Imperial and Foreign Corporation, with which this Corporation will be closely allied, it will secure an interest in important business already entered into and now under consideration.

This Corporation has now approximately £330,000 in cash and readily marketable quoted securities. The balance of £70,000 Capital is represented by unquoted securities and investments which have been written down to that figure but for which an exact valuation cannot be obtained. It is the intention of the Directors to realise the latter as opportunities arise.

The present issue will enable this corporation to undertake on favourable conditions sound financial business.

The whole of the reserve Capital of 500,000 Shares is under options to 30th April, 1914, at par—as regards 140,000 Shares under an arrangement made at the time of the Corporation's first issue of Shares and as to the remaining 360,000 Shares under the contract referred to below, dated the 29th March, 1912.

Messrs. Boulton Bros. & Co. have consented to act as Financial Advisers.

The Offices of the Corporation will be at 1 Broad Street Place, E.C., the Offices of the Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited.

Preferential allotment in the present issue will be given to the existing Shareholders of the Imperial and Foreign Corporation Limited.

Contracts dated 29th March, 1912, and 16th July, 1912, have been entered into between this Corporation and the Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited, under which the Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Limited, guarantee the subscription of the Shares now offered in consideration of an underwriting commission of 2½ per cent. and the call on 360,000 Shares above mentioned.

Application will be made in due course for a settlement in and quotation of the Shares now issued on the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse.

All applications for Shares must be made upon the Application Forms accompanying the Prospectus, and lodged, together with a deposit of 5s. per Share, with the Corporation's Bankers on or before the 27th July, 1912. In the event of no allotment being made the deposit will be returned in full. In the event of less Shares being allotted than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied in or towards satisfaction of the payment due on allotment.

A brokerage of 3d. per share will be paid on Shares applied for and allotted on applications bearing a Broker's stamp.

Copies of the Corporation's Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the Contracts above referred to may be inspected at the Offices of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp & Co., the Corporation's Solicitors, during usual business hours.

Applications will be received by any of the Corporation's Bankers or their Branches.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers of the Corporation, or at the Office of the Corporation.

Dated 25th July, 1912.

THIS APPLICATION FORM MAY BE USED.

No.....

THE ANGLO-FRENCH MERCANTILE & FINANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - £1,500,000,

Divided into 1,500,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 400,000 have been issued.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the

ANGLO-FRENCH MERCANTILE AND FINANCE
CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Corporation's Bankers the sum of

£..... being a deposit of Five Shillings per Share on..... Shares of £1 each in the above-named Corporation, I/we do hereby request you to allot to me/us that number of Shares in the Capital of your Corporation upon the terms of the Corporation's Prospectus dated 25th July, 1912, as filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Corporation, and I/we agree to accept the same or any less number of Shares that may be allotted to me/us, and I/we hereby authorise you to place my/our name on the Register of Members of the Corporation as holder of the Shares allotted to me/us, and I/we hereby agree to make the further payments upon such Shares in accordance with the Prospectus.

Signature.....

Name (in full)
(State Mr. Mrs., or Miss).

Address (in full).....

Profession or Business..... Date.....

This Form must be sent with remittance to any of the Bankers of the Corporation.

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